

Alpha Amanda's love adventure novel Chapter 101 - Chapter 101 (English Translation)

Chapter 101 The Unexpected Guest Amanda's POV: I nodded thoughtfully. "So that's how it works. I guess I should start learning more about it too." \$20 Free Coins Looks like I need to get a watch that can boost my wolf spirit. Maybe that could help me stabilize Alice faster. The three of us chatted as we finished every bite from the lunch boxes. Afterward, we worked on practice. questions until nearly midnight, then cleaned up and went to bed. The next morning, I woke up unusually early. After getting ready, I headed straight for the classroom.

When I pushed open the door, the room was completely quiet. No one else had arrived yet-only Jayden sitting in the front row, his head down, writing something. I walked over quietly and noticed crumpled paper balls scattered all around his feet. There were so many it looked like he had written and trashed his work over and over again. Something tugged at my heart, and I bent down to pick them up one by one. "You messed up the logic for this problem from the start," I said without thinking. Jayden froze, then looked up at me, startled.

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"You know how to solve it?" His voice sounded low and unsure. I didn't answer. Instead, I grabbed a pen from his desk and drew a clean line on the diagram he had gotten wrong. The sound of the pen scratching across paper echoed in the quiet classroom. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw his shoulders stiffen slightly. Even his breathing grew lighter. A moment later, I heard a soft gasp behind me. "I got it!" I turned around and met Jayden's gaze. His eyes were bright, almost like stars had fallen into them, filled with disbelief and excitement.

When he realized I was looking back, he quickly lowered his head, his ears turning red. The morning lessons dragged on-just a pile of advanced theories on wolf energy conversion. Even Clara couldn't stop yawning. But Jayden, who was usually focused, seemed distracted. I caught him glancing my way a few times, looking both curious and hesitant. Every time I noticed, he snapped his gaze away like a startled bird. When the lunch bell finally rang, Clara and Jennifer rushed over. "Amanda, let's hit the cafeteria!

I heard they're serving roasted lamb ribs today-the special kind from Eclipse Pack!" "Heck yeah." I smiled, stuffed my books into the drawer, and headed out with them. The smell of roasted lamb hit us as soon as we entered the cafeteria. We each grabbed two large pieces and didn't stop eating until we were full. 1/2 8 3 O 19:43 Tue, Dec 30 Chapter 101 The Unexpected Guest 4052 +20 Free Coins Just as we reached the hallway again, Jennifer suddenly yelped and grabbed her wrist. "Wait-where's my watch? It's gone!" Clara smacked her lightly on the head. "Seriously?"

Didn't you take it off during the last class and put it in your backpack?" Jennifer looked confused. "Did I? Let's hurry back and check." I helped her search around her seat-under the desk, between chairs, even the corners of the podium- but something about the situation felt off. It was too much of a coincidence. "If you didn't take it out, it has to still be in the classroom. Let's check again." I tried to calm her down, but after turning everything upside down four or five times, she still couldn't find it. By then, other classmates had started coming back.

When they heard Jennifer had lost her watch-the one that boosted wolf spirit-they all gathered around. Some offered to help search, others threw out ideas. Then a sharp voice cut through the noise. "If we really can't find it, maybe everyone should check each other's bags. Who knows, maybe someone decided to steal it." My brows lifted, and I turned toward the voice. C Mark

Chapter 102 Who Is the Thief? Amanda's POV: 052 +20 Free Coins Following the sharp voice, I turned to see Marissa standing at the edge of the crowd, a faint smile dancing on her lips. Her gaze was like a poisoned needle, piercing straight through to me. She took two steps forward, her voice rising above the murmurs around us. "Jennifer's watch isn't just any ordinary item; it's a special moonstone that enhances wolf spirits! Such a treasure is bound to tempt someone to steal it! Everyone, check your backpacks! If you haven't stolen anything, what's there to be afraid of?

Do you want a thief running around the training camp with a watch that boosts their wolf spirit?" Her words struck a chord with the crowd-on Howlstead, items that enhance wolf spirits are rare. Everyone wanted them, but everyone feared someone else getting them first. In an instant, many students jumped in, "Come on, it's just a quick check-no big deal if you've got nothing to hide! "Let's find the thief quickly so we can all feel at ease!" Clara's face turned red with anger, and she was about to retort when I pulled her back. I shook my head-this coincidence felt far too simple.

Sure enough, as I unzipped my backpack and my fingers brushed against the pages of the books, they touched something cool and hard, with the warm, smooth feel of moonstone. Just as I suspected, it was clearly Marissa's doing. The room fell silent in an instant-there lay Jennifer's missing watch, the moonstone set into its face shimmering softly under the lights, the edges engraved with the exclusive design of Silvermoon Pack. It was instantly recognizable. "Oh my gosh, it's her! She actually stole it!" "No way!

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She always seems so smart; I can't believe she would do something so sneaky!" "My worldview is shattered; can you believe someone would actually steal?" "It's a watch that enhances wolf spirits! No wonder she was tempted, but stealing is still wrong!" Alice was fuming inside, "That little brat! How dare she frame you! She must want that watch to enhance her wolf spirit and is just jealous of you, so she came up with this trick!"

Despite Alice's agitation, she was much calmer than last time. She didn't lose control, only showing obvious anger, indicating she was stabilizing.

I turned to Jennifer, holding out the watch. "I don't know why your watch is in my bag, but I didn't take it." 1/2 19:43 Tue, Dec 30 G Chapter 102 Who Is the Thief? +20 Free Coins I locked eyes with Jennifer. Although I could see a flicker of confusion in her gaze, my instincts told me she would believe me. "Amanda would never steal!" Clara stepped forward, positioning herself protectively in front of me like a small beast guarding her young. "We went back to the classroom together right after lunch! She didn't even have the chance to touch your backpack!

And even though she doesn't have a wolf spirit, she's strong enough on her own; she wouldn't need to steal a watch to boost her power! Someone is definitely framing her!" Jennifer pressed her lips together, looking more serious. "I trust you, Amanda, but your backpack. You need to tell me what's going on." Just then, a calm voice came from the crowd. "She didn't take it." ... the watch really is in I turned around, surprised-it was Jayden, standing tall and serious, looking around at everyone.

"If Amanda really did steal it, she must be awfully foolish," he said, his gaze sweeping over everyone, exuding the unique pressure of an alpha, his tone firm. "Knowing everyone would be checking bags, how could she leave a watch that enhances wolf spirits in her own? Isn't that just asking to be caught?" The classroom fell silent, the previously chattering students now quiet, exchanging glances filled with uncertainty. After a long pause, one brave student finally spoke up, "If it's not her, then who took it?" "Right! We need to find the real thief!

Otherwise, who knows if they'll steal from us next!" Others echoed in agreement. I glanced at Jayden and saw a slight smile tugging at his lips. 19:44 Tue, Dec 30 Gb Mark

Chapter 103 The Game's Not Over Yet Amanda's POV: A determined look flashed in Jayden's eyes. "Finding the thief is easy-call the police." +20 Free Coins He paused briefly, then continued, "Everyone's fingerprints are unique. There have to be prints on this watch. The police can run a match. We've only got a few dozen people in our class-it won't take long to figure out who did it. And since this thing boosts the wolf spirit, the enforcement squad will take it seriously." Everyone nodded in agreement. It made sense. Jennifer pulled out her phone right away. "I'm calling now!

No matter who it is, we're getting to the bottom. of this today." Jayden gave her a quick nod before looking my way. His eyes landed on me, and somehow, that steady look made me feel a little calmer. He walked over, paused for a moment, then lightly patted my shoulder. "Hey, it's okay. We'll sort this out." His eyes were steady, full of quiet reassurance, and his voice was soft, meant only for me. I saw the sincerity there and stopped for a moment before saying, a bit formally, "Thanks." The enforcement squad showed up quickly.

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Jennifer gave a sharp, to-the-point rundown of what happened, making sure to mention how the watch boosted the wolf spirit. Then she handed it over. "Please run the prints and find out who took my watch." The officer examined it, brows pulling together. "Ms. Sadler, the surface is too smooth, and a bunch of folks have handled it already. The prints are smudged. We might get a few partials, but there's no way to tell which ones belong to the thief. We can't make a solid match." Jennifer's expression fell. She looked at Jayden, uncertainty written all over her face.

"Then why did you just..." Watching her so flustered, I couldn't help but laugh. Guess Jayden was thinking the same thing I was. He didn't bother replying, just gave a small grin and looked around the room. "I'm guessing someone from our class is missing, right? Or maybe she used all that commotion to sneak out." His words hit the room like a rock splashing into calm water. Suddenly, everyone started talking at once, counting heads. "I know who it is-Marissa! She was right here a minute ago, and now she's gone!" someone yelled. Well, looks like we've got at least one person paying attention.

I thought back to the way she'd glared at me earlier-pure malice-and how hard she'd tried to pin everything on me. The chill in my eyes faded a little. 1/2 19:44 Tue, Dec 30 GD. Chapter 103 The Game's Not Over Yet

Chapter 104 The Sirens of Doom Marissa's POV: The sound of sirens grew louder, piercing my ears like a death call 052 +30 Free Coins I had just reached the training camp gate when two black SUVs of the enforcement squad rolled in. The wolf-claw emblem on their doors gleamed coldly in the sunlight. My heart pounded so hard it hurt. My palms were drenched in sweat. Instinctively, I ducked behind a tree and watched the vehicles drive toward the main building. When they disappeared, I finally stumbled toward the front gate, where my driver was waiting. "Drive!

Hurry!" I shouted as I yanked the door open and climbed in, my voice shaking. The driver had served my pack for a long time. He saw my pale face and didn't ask questions. He just hit the gas, and the car shot down the road. I slumped in the seat, chest heaving. This was never supposed to happen. I only meant to slip Jennifer's watch into Amanda's backpack. This trick would stir things up between them and make Amanda feel what it's like to be cast out. Why did she have to be better than me at everything? Even Samson treated her differently. Clara and Jennifer followed her around all the time.

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But I never expected Jayden to suggest calling the Enforcement Squad and for them to show up that fast! If they find out I framed Amanda and stole the watch, I'm finished. As a Windspire Pack's Beta, I'll lose everything. They would expel me from training camp and blacklist me in the pack records. I won't be able to show my face in Howlstead again. And my father... he'll never forgive me. My hands trembled as I pulled out the

phone and dialed his number. The moment he picked up, tears spilled down my cheeks. "Dad, I messed up," I sobbed.

Between hiccups and gasps, I told him everything-how it started and how it spiraled out of control. When I finally stopped talking, my voice broke. "What do I do now? I can't go back. If the Enforcement Squad checks fingerprints and finds out it's me, I'm done for!" "You idiot!" My father roared through the phone. His voice was so angry it hurt my ears. "Why did you run? Running makes you look guilty!" His voice was sharp and low. It carried the weight of a beta. "Get back there now. Act like nothing happened. That watch was touched by so many people-fingerprints are useless.

They can't pin it on you. Even if someone is suspicious, there's no proof. Who'd dare go after a Windspire Pack member?" I couldn't get a word in. His words slammed into me. I cried harder, but I gritted my teeth and said, "Okay. I get it. Dad. I'll go back now." After I hung up, I wiped my face and shouted at the driver, "Turn around! Go back to the training camp!" 1/2 ue, Dec 30 Chapter 104 The Sirens of Doom +30 Free Coins The car headed back. My heart still thudded. When I pushed open the classroom door, everything looked normal.

Students sat at their desks, studying like nothing had happened. I forced a calm face and sat down. Almost at once I heard two classmates whisper behind me. "Did you hear? The enforcers are checking the cameras. They'll find the culprit soon." "No kidding. Someone stole a werewolf-energy enhancer watch and blamed Amanda. That's unforgivable." The word "cameras" hit me like thunder. My stomach dropped. How could I forget? The camp is full of surveillance cameras. I'd slipped out during the chaos. I must have been caught on tape. If the enforcement squad checked the footage, I'd be finished.

I shot up and bolted for the security office. My heart pounded so hard it felt like drums in my chest. I ran faster and faster. I had one goal: destroy the footage. I burst into the security office and pushed the door open. No one was inside. Only the monitor bank hummed, showing views from every corner of the camp. I stepped forward to pull the cables when a calm voice said from behind me. "Here you are." I froze. It felt like someone had cast a spell on me. I turned around slowly. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 105 The Security Room Showdown Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coms I leaned against the doorframe of the security room as Marissa turned stiffly toward me. Panic flashed in her eyes. "W-why are you here?" Her voice shook. She instinctively stepped back, fingers clenching so tight they turned pale. I walked in slowly and shut the door behind me. The glow from the security monitors flickered across her face, washing it in pale light. "Surprised to see me?" My voice was calm. Inside my head, Alice's voice chuckled. "This idiot really thinks deleting footage will save her?"

Her wolf energy is a total mess, with guilt all over her face." Marissa bit her lip and muttered under her breath, trying to sound tough. "What's there to be surprised about?" Then she moved toward the door, clearly planning to bolt. I stepped in her way. My tone

was steady and sharp. "You're the one who stole it, aren't you?" Her steps froze. Panic flashed across her face. "What are you talking about? I didn't steal anything!" I smiled slightly, brushing a glance over her sweat-damp hairline. "If you didn't, then why did you sneak out when the enforcement squad came to check fingerprints?"

And why rush in here the moment someone mentioned checking the cameras?" My hearing had always been sharp. Even from far down the hall, I'd caught the whispers from afar and knew exactly what she was planning. "I just happened to walk by," she insisted stubbornly. Her wolf energy rippled wildly; even her breathing grew uneven. I shrugged, pretending to sound casual. "Sure. Deny it all you want. But evidence speaks louder than words. Tell me, what do you think will happen when the enforcement squad learns that a Windspire Pack's beta stole something and tried to frame someone else?" "Evidence?"

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What evidence?!" She snapped, stepping closer and grabbing my arm. Her grip carried a beta's brute force, but it was useless against an alpha. I brushed her hand away easily and looked at her with quiet disdain. "No matter how careful you thought you were, you still slipped up. Now tell me. Do you really think I have no proof, or are you just afraid I do?" I didn't have solid proof. But as the Alpha who runs the pack, I know how to break someone's defenses. Fear is the easiest way in. Sweat beaded on Marissa's forehead and ran down her temple.

Her wolf energy fluctuated so badly it almost fell apart. She couldn't tell whether I was bluffing. Marissa wouldn't risk a bet. If she lost, her record would be stained 1/2 19:44 Tue, Dec 30 GO Chapter 105 The Security Room Showdown forever. She'd never hold her head up in Howlstead again. 52 \$30 Free Coins "I was planning to give you a way out," I said, pausing on purpose. My eyes made her more nervous. "We were classmates. There's no need to make this totally ruinous. But if you keep being stubborn, I won't hold back.

I'll just hand everything to the enforcement squad." "No-" She burst out, voice trembling with pleading. I watched her, half-smiling, waiting for her to crack. She took a breath and, teeth clenched, said, "What do you want? Name your terms." "So you admit you did it." I raised an eyebrow. Alice clicked her tongue inside my head. "She caved already? Betas are easy to crack." Marissa made a face. She finally breathed out a weak, "Okay." Her fist tightened. "If you tell me what you want, I'll do it. I'll do my best. But please, give me all the evidence." I shook my head.

"How do I know you're not lying? If you say you did it, why did you do it? And when did you do it?" Marissa acted like she had nothing left to lose. A flash of bitterness showed in her eyes. "I took that moonstone watch and put it in your bag. I wanted to drive a wedge between you and Jennifer and Clara. I wanted you to feel what it's like to be left out. As for when? During lunch, when you went to the cafeteria. I slipped back into the

classroom, used my claws to open the side pocket of her bag, took the watch, and then slipped it into yours. I wore gloves the whole time.

I thought it was perfect." I snorted. "You're awfully honest." "You already know. Why hide it?" she said, eyes rimmed red. Her wolf spirit radiated with anger. "So? What do you want me to do to get the evidence?" I thought for a few seconds. I watched the tight lines in her face. Then I spoke slowly... 2/2 19:44 Tue, Dec Mark

Chapter 106 Proof and Consequence Amanda's POV: "Actually, I didn't have proof before," I said, my tone calm but firm. "But now, I do." +30 Free Coins The moment I finished, the door to the security room burst open. Jennifer and Clara stormed in with a dozen classmates behind them. Jennifer, as the future Alpha of the Silvermoon Pack, instantly released her wolf aura. Without a word, she raised her hand and slapped Marissa across the face. The sharp crack echoed through the room. Marissa's cheek turned red and swollen almost instantly, her eyes wide in shock.

"I knew it was you," Clara snapped, her tone filled with disgust. "It's one thing to play small tricks, but stealing a rare item that boosts wolf spirit's power and then framing Amanda? You've disgraced all of us!" Marissa finally realized she'd been caught in my trap. She went hysterical. "What are you even talking about? I don't understand!" "Drop the act," Jennifer said coldly. Her Alpha pressure made Marissa flinch. "We heard everything." I took a small recorder from my pocket. "Every word is saved here. This is the proof." Marissa's face drained of color.

Her wolf spirit flickered weakly, almost breaking apart. "Amanda, you tricked me!" she screamed. "Did I force you to steal and frame me?" I asked quietly. That shut her up. The training camp advisor walked in. "You're expelled," he said flatly. "This camp trains future Alphas, not thieves and manipulators." "No! You can't! I don't want to be expelled!" Marissa cried, clinging to the table as her wolf energy rippled with despair. "I'm from the Windspire Pack!

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I can't be expelled!" "If you refuse," the advisor said sternly, pointing at the recorder in my hand, "I'll hand this over to the enforcement squad. According to the law, theft of a rare wolf spirit item and framing another student could land you two years in the disciplinary camp. Your record will be permanently stained." Marissa slowly collapsed to the floor, tears streaming down her face. She dared not argue. Her shoulders trembled as she nodded weakly, finally agreeing to withdraw. That night Marissa packed her things and dragged a suitcase out of the dorm.

My wolf spirit picked up her scent. Marissa was waiting for me under the dorm, so I went down. After all, I had foreseen this. Under the streetlight she looked a mess. The swelling on her cheek hadn't gone down. Hate sharpened her gaze like an ice spike aimed at me. "Amanda, just you wait!" Her voice was rough and halfway to a sob, but she forced herself to sound fierce. "I may be expelled, but I'm still a member of the

Windspire Pack! You better pray you never fall into my hands. I'll give you the worst punishment a werewolf can hand out.

It'll hurt more than losing your pack or your wolf spirit!" 1/2 Dec 30 Chapter 106 Proof and Consequence 52 +30 Free Coins I watched her calmly. My wolf spirit stirred inside me, a quiet pressure. I didn't push it, but it was enough to make a beta like her shrink back. Alice snorted in my head. "With her skills? She actually dares threaten you? If Windspire lets her run wild. other packs will put them in their place soon enough." "Marissa," I said flatly, "the werewolf world runs on strength. Tricks don't win in the long run. You chose what happens to you today.

If you try to hurt people with dirty tricks again, the enforcement squad will catch you even without me stepping in." Marissa's face drained of color. Her lips trembled, and she couldn't squeeze out another threat. She gave me one last furious glare, yanked her suitcase, and stormed away into the night, heavy with despair. I stood there until her figure vanished past the training camp gate. I felt no triumph. I only felt a deep relief. Alice yawned inside my head. "Good. That troublemaker's gone. Now you can focus on the test.

I heard it's a test about the high-level wolf spirit conversion math problem; that's your specialty." 2/2 19:44 Tue, Dec 30 Mark

Chapter 107 Time to Go Home Chapter 107 Time to Go Home Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins After Marissa was expelled, the training camp was coming to an end. The test wasn't just about math or science; it tested our control over wolf spirit energy. For every future Alpha across the packs, this was the real test of our strength. When we walked out of the hall, Clara grabbed my arm, her eyes full of emotion. "I've learned so much from you! I used to think wolf spirit energy calculations were boring and hard, but now I can actually handle them.

My dad even said my wolf spirit feels more balanced." She grinned. "I wasn't planning to join the competition before, but now I want to. Maybe I can win something with you and make my pack proud!" Jennifer laughed and nodded, the Silvermoon Pack's crest on her jacket catching the sunlight. "I know, right? I can't believe how much I've improved in just two weeks! I used to freak out whenever I saw questions that involved wolf spirit control. Now I can solve two-thirds of them! That's crazy.

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"But I won't be joining the competition; I have to go home and help my mom manage our pack's energy field. Still, I'll be cheering for you guys!" Their smiles made me feel warm inside. Sure, we had arguments and misunderstandings along the way, but we'd also built real teamwork-and even friendship. "Even with the little fights we had, I really enjoyed spending time with you guys," I told them. "I hope we can still hang out often." "Visit? Are you kidding?" Clara's eyes lit up, her wolf spirit flickering faintly behind them. "I'm thinking about transferring schools!

Next semester, I'll join your pack's academy. We can study theory and train together every day. How awesome would that be?" She turned to Jennifer. "You should come too! Silvermoon's not that far. Your parents would totally agree. Learning and training with Amanda would be way better than staying at your old school!" Jennifer rubbed the moonstone watch on her wrist, deep in thought. "I'll have to ask my mom about this. But according to the pack's rules, as long as it helps improve our strength or benefits the pack, she'll probably agree." I was a little surprised.

When I saw the eager looks in their eyes, I couldn't help but smile. "You guys are serious? I don't have time to babysit you through every test." "Having a genius like you around is all we need!" They said at the same time, one on each side, hooking their arms through mine. We chattered away about next semester's plans; all of our wolf energy shimmered with bright, joyful warmth. After packing up, we walked together toward the gate. Jennifer's family had already sent an SUV to pick her up. She waved at us and shouted with a grin, "Good luck at the nationals competition!"

When you win, dinner's on me! Silvermoon Pack's roast lamb special!" Clara hopped into the Whitewolf Pack's car with Warren. She leaned out from the window before leaving. 1/2 19:44 Tue, Dec 30 Chapter 107 Time to Go Home "Amanda, I'll talk to my dad about transferring schools the second I get home! Wait for me!" 252 +30 Free Coins When their cars finally disappeared, the campus grew quiet again. It was just me standing there, alone at the gate. I hadn't told the Ortega brothers that training ended today. I figured I'd just call a ride and head back to the castle myself.

Just as I pulled out my phone, a calm, steady voice sounded behind me. "Amanda." I turned toward the voice. Mark

Chapter 108 The Alpha's Decision Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins Jayden stood under the oak tree, the Windspire Pack's uniform making his shoulders look even broader. The young alpha's wolf spirit pulsed with nervous determination, like he had used up all his courage. "See you at the competition." After that, he gave a quick wave and walked away without another word, his stride firm and steady. I stood there, confused. What was that all about? Shaking my head, I didn't bother to think about it. I pulled out my phone and called a ride. Not long after, I was back at the castle.

When I pushed open the gate, I saw Hugh and Samson playing chess under a tree in the yard. "Amanda!" Hugh spotted me first. His eyes lit up as he stood and set his chess piece down. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming back? I would've sent Samson to pick you up." I smiled. "It's fine, Hugh. I got here just fine on my own." He took my hand and looked at me carefully, frowning a little. "You've lost weight. It's only been two weeks!" Then he turned toward the house and called, "Beata! Make some chicken soup for Amanda tonight.

Add a little moonstone powder to boost her wolf spirit." "Got it, Mr. Hugh!" Beata Bird, the maid, called back from inside. "Come on, Amanda. Play a round with me," Hugh said, pulling me toward the chessboard. Samson quietly stood up and gave me his seat.

The board wasn't regular chess-it was Howlstead's version, where each piece was carved with a pack's crest. The rules were more complex, involving wolf spirit energy and battle logic. I'd learned a bit from my grandpa before, but I was still half a beginner. Facing a veteran like Hugh, I didn't have much confidence.

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"Samson," Hugh said with a laugh, "help her out a little; don't let her lose too badly."
"Yes, Grandpa," Samson replied in his deep voice, standing behind me. Feeling slightly braver with him there, I picked up the piece marked with the Glacier Pack's crest and made my move. But Hugh was a pro. Every step he took was part of a grand strategy, like a real pack war unfolding on the board. Samson stayed silent behind me. Once in a while, when I hesitated, he'd tap his finger lightly on the table, right at the spot that could turn the game around.

1/2 :44 Tue, De Chapter 108 The Alpha's Decision Even so, I lost. Three rounds in a row. \$30 Free Coins I slumped over the table in defeat and turned to Samson. "Hugh told you to help me, not watch me lose three times." He simply said, "When it's not your game, you don't comment." Well, he wasn't wrong. I was speechless for a moment, then stuck out my tongue playfully. "Grandpa, you're amazing! You always win me by one move ahead; did you do that on purpose?" Hugh laughed heartily, patting the back of my hand. "You clever little pup! Losing with style is still impressive.

You managed to hold your ground against me till the end; that's no small feat." Then his expression turned serious. "So, training camp's over. You're heading to Ziecson next for the competition, right?" "Yeah," I nodded. "We leave tomorrow. The competition starts the day after, just for a few hours. It's not only theory and math. They're adding a real wolf spirit energy transformation test too. For every future Alpha, it's a true power showdown." Hugh nodded thoughtfully, then turned to Samson. "Doesn't the company have some ongoing business in Ziecson?

Something about the energy field project?" Samson gave a short nod. "Yes, part of the operations are there." Hugh's eyes lit up immediately. "Perfect! Then you'll go with Amanda tomorrow. You can keep her safe. Ziecson's full of chaos, too many packs tangled together. It's no place for a young girl to go alone. And since you've got business there, you can handle both at once." "That's not necessary, Hugh. I can handle it myself," I rejected quickly. "It's a dangerous world out there. You don't understand what you're dealing with," Hugh said, waving his hand firmly.

His tone left no room for argument. "Ziecson isn't just filled with pack representatives; it's crawling with people who hunt for talent. You were framed once at the training camp. I won't have you walking into another trap. With Samson there, no one will dare lay a finger on you. He's calm, reliable, and one of the top contenders for Alpha King" "But..." I hesitated, looking at Samson. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 109 Flight to Ziecson Amanda's POV: 52 +30 Free Coins I glanced at Samson. He stood there expressionless, showing no sign of refusal. I hesitated before saying, "But... Isn't it kind of inappropriate for a man and a woman to travel alone together?" Hugh didn't seem to catch my hint. "Don't worry, Amanda! Samson's the most reliable one among his siblings. With him around, I can rest easy." I tried to deflect. "Well, he might not want to go." Knowing how cold he is, he'll definitely find an excuse to say no. But to my surprise, Samson turned to me, his voice calm yet firm.

"Grandpa, I'll have my assistant book the tickets right away." Hugh nodded, satisfied. The decision was made; I had no choice but to let it go. The next morning, Samson and I arrived at the airport. Once the plane took off, I leaned back in my seat, staring at the clouds outside the window. I couldn't hold back my curiosity anymore. "Why are you coming with me to Ziecson?" He was reading through a stack of documents. When he heard me, he looked up, his eyes steady and serious. "There have been movements from the Blackwolf Pack's remnants in Ziecson," he said quietly.

"They've been targeting young, talented wolves from other packs lately" He paused before adding, "Grandpa already made the arrangement. I just take care of you in the passing." Alice sneered in my head. "In the passing? Yeah, right. He's been waiting for an excuse to go with you. The Blackwolf Pack thing is just an excuse." I looked at his profile as he went back to reading. A strange warmth stirred in my chest. So, he's worried about my safety? I didn't say anything else but leaned back and closed my eyes to rest. Long flights often make a werewolf's wolf spirit restless.

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Thankfully, they provided energy drinks for those who travel in first class. It carried a faint moonstone scent that helped keep Alice calm. Two hours later, we landed at Ziecson Airport. As soon as we stepped out of the terminal, a man approached us. "Greetings, Mr. Ortega." He was respectful. His gaze briefly shifted to me with the respectful distance of an alpha addressing a stranger omega. Then he took Samson's luggage. "The car's ready outside." "Let's go," said Samson to me, turning around. The moment we left the airport, I felt three distinct wolf spirit waves in the air.

Some were beta-level, testing the energy around us. One carried a faint hostility, like a hunter waiting in the dark. 1/2 Chapter 109 Flight to Ziecson \$30 Free Cons Alice warned, "Left side-the one in the gray jacket. That's a Blackwolf Pack remnant. Be careful. Their wolf spirit reeks of decay." glanced over casually, then quickly looked away and followed Samson into the car. As the vehicle rolled forward, the scenery outside blurred past. Ziecson was grander than any city I'd seen before. Its towering buildings gleamed with the crests of countless packs.

The air buzzed with countless scents, thick and restless. "Where are we headed?" I finally asked. Samson didn't look up. He was scrolling through documents on his tablet. He replied in his usual calm tone, "First, we'll visit your competition site. Then we'll head to our house in Ziecson." "You have a house here?" I asked, surprised. "My pack owns

properties in Ziecson," he said. "That villa serves as our local base." He lifted his gaze briefly to meet mine. "It's only five minutes from your competition site.

"You'll stay there tonight; it'll be easier for tomorrow." I nodded, saying nothing more. The villa was detached, surrounded by a garden filled with moonleaf trees. Those trees were Ziecson's native species. The aura here felt calm and soothing, clearly purified by those from the Eclipse Pack. Compared to the heavy, ancient vibes of Ortega Castle, this place was modern and minimalist, yet carried the same quiet authority that only a top-tier alpha possessed. "I've already had the place cleaned," Samson said, unlocking the front door. "You'll stay in the room upstairs on the left.

"I'll take the one on the right. The study's in between. I'll be working there most of the night. If you need anything, come to me directly." "Got it," I replied. After unpacking my things, I took a breath, walked down the hall, and knocked on the door of the study. "Come in," his deep voice called from inside. 2/2 19:45 Tue, Dec 30 GO Mark

Chapter 110 Happy Reunion Amanda's POV: "I'm going out for a walk. Don't wait for me for dinner," I said, trying to sound casual. *30 Free Coms He looked up from his papers, those brown eyes calm but firm. "You just got here. Ziecson's packs are complicated; don't wander around alone. Tell me where you're going; I'll take you." "It's fine." I waved my hand quickly, trying not to let him ask more. "I just want to look around, maybe buy a few things. I'll be back soon." His gaze lingered on me for a few seconds, deep and unreadable. I could feel the tension under his calm expression.

His wolf spirit stirred with irritation, like he didn't like that I didn't trust him. Alice muttered in my mind, "See? You made him mad. He's just worried about you." "Alright," he said at last, his tone turning cold. "Be careful. The Blackwolf Pack's remnants have been active lately. If anything happens, send a distress signal. The Eclipse Pack's response team will reach you within three minutes." I gave him an "OK" sign, shut the door, and slipped out quietly. As I walked downstairs, I heard his voice behind me, low and steady, speaking on the phone. "Follow Ms. Lamb. Don't let her notice.

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"Make sure she's safe." My steps faltered. A strange mix of warmth and guilt rose inside me. He still didn't trust me completely. But I couldn't let him find out about the Glacier Pack or that I was an alpha. I bit my lip and hurried outside. A cab stopped at the gate. I gave the driver an address far from the city center. The car rolled down Ziecson's old streets, lined with trees and glowing streetlights. The scent of grass mixed with faint traces of different packs' wolf spirits in the air. I leaned against the window, watching the blur of lights. I noticed a black sedan following behind.

No doubt one of Samson's men. Alice chuckled in my head. "He's really taking his duties seriously. But with your strength, do you really need protection?" "Better safe than sorry," I answered, keeping my eyes on the rearview mirror and the winding streets ahead. As the car passed a public restroom, I suddenly said, "Driver, stop here for a

minute. I need to use the restroom." After paying the fare, I stepped inside. The place was almost empty, just a janitor mopping the floor. I walked to the farthest stall and quickly removed the scent suppressor from my wrist.

1/2 19:45 Tue, Dec 30 G Chapter 110 Happy Reunion 52) +30 Free Coins Then I put on a Glacier Pack's sigil. It could block my alpha scent, making me seem like an ordinary omega. Alice reminded, "Someone from that car followed you inside. Use the vent. I'll scramble his senses for a while." A few minutes later, I crawled out through the back vent and landed at the end of a narrow alley. Dusting off my clothes, I waved down an ordinary-looking cab and gave the driver an address. The cab stopped at the mouth of another alley. I got out and walked all the way to the end.

There was a faint click as the door opened. "Nine, long time no see." The moment I spoke, the man inside jumped up from his rocking chair like he'd been stung. His coffee cup nearly hit the floor. He turned around, eyes widening in shock. When he finally saw my face clearly, his whole body trembled. "Avi! Is that you?" "Easy there," I said with a grin, patting his shoulder. His wolf spirit trembled with strong emotion, like a lost child who'd finally found his pack again. "It's been years, but you're still as jumpy as ever." Nine's eyes filled with tears. His voice cracked as he spoke.

"You're finally back. Do you have any idea how hard we searched for you?" I didn't answer. Instead, I looked around the small room and smiled. "Well, I'm back now, safe and sound. And look at you, living pretty comfortably. Seems you've been enjoying life." Nine wiped his tears, taking a shaky breath to calm himself down. He spoke in a hurting tone, "Do Seven and the others know you're back?" I thought for a moment before shaking my head. "Not yet." Yeah, it had been a long time. Too long. 2/2 19:45 Tue, Dec 30 G Mark

Chapter 111 The Secret Scent Amanda's POV: Nine quickly wiped his tears, his tone heavy with emotion. +30 Free Coins "You have no idea," he said quietly. "Seven's been waiting for you to come back all these years. He's the only one who never gave up. I heard he's now writing lyrics for a public figure-some big-name singer. His songs are great, but without your voice and your music, they just don't hit the same." I didn't answer right away. After a long silence, I finally said, "Let's grab dinner tonight." Nine's eyes lit up.

"I'll call the others to join." I stopped him before he could pull out his phone. "No need. Don't tell them I'm back yet. Just us two tonight." He hesitated. "But I promised Seven that if I ever heard from you, I'd tell him right away." I held his gaze, firm and calm. After a moment, he sighed. "Alright, fine. I won't tell him. Let's just hang out like old times." We walked toward the backyard. My breath caught when I saw a row of limited-edition motorcycles lined up under the lights. The chrome gleamed, and some had Glacier Pack's crests on their tanks.

I ran my fingers across the cool metal. The familiar touch brought back memories, those wild nights racing through city streets with Seven and Nine. Alice's voice echoed in my

head, "It's been a while since I've seen you this relaxed. You used to leave Seven three blocks behind on your bike." Nine chuckled and tossed me a set of keys. "Come on. Let's go for a ride." I caught the keys and swung my leg over the bike. The helmet clicked into place. The moment I hit the throttle, the roar of the engine shook through my chest.

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My wolf spirit stirred, restless and alive, humming with long-lost excitement. "Let's go!" I shouted. The bike shot forward like an arrow. Nine followed close behind, the night wind whipping past our faces, blowing away all the tension of the past few days. He yelled excitedly over the wind, "Remember when we raced in the Arctic? You beat that Blackwolf Pack guy with pure strength!" "Of course I remember!" I shouted back, with a big smile. Nine took me to a place called Dungeon Bar. From the outside, it looked small, but inside it had real style.

The walls were lined with vintage vinyl records. The air was filled with the faint scent of cocktails mixed with traces of different packs' wolf spirits. We found a corner booth and ordered the bar's signature drinks. Our wine glasses clinked softly as we 1/2 19:45 Tue, Dec 30 G Chapter 111 The Secret Scent +30 Free Coins toasted. "It's been a long time, Avi." I asked, "How have you been these past few years?" Nine chuckled. "After you left, everyone drifted apart. Most of the band quit the scene, except for Seven; he stuck with it.

I opened this place, keep an eye on things at night, and spend my days at the courtyard house soaking up the sun." He took a sip, then added, "Seven got lucky, though. He's been working with that public figure-you know, the one who became the cultural ambassador? What's his name again? Oh, right, Alan Ortega! You should check out his music. Most of his hit songs were written by Seven." My hand froze around the glass at the name. Alan! What a small world! "I'll check them out when I get the chance," I said lightly. "This bar of yours is impressive." Nine grinned.

"How about you make a surprise appearance tonight? Go on stage, sing a song." I quickly shook my head. "No way. It's been years since I sang. I've already forgotten what that even feels like." But Nine didn't give up. "Come on, just one song. Call it a small wish from an old friend. Besides, no one can stabilize wolf spirit through music like you can." His eyes were full of hope. I couldn't help remembering the old days-our tiny stage, our laughter, our shared dream. Maybe one song wouldn't hurt. "Fine," I said at last. "Just one." Nine's eyes lit up.

He ran off to talk to the host while I slipped on a silver vixen mask that covered my whole face, leaving only my eyes visible. When the host announced, "A mystery guest will now perform walked onto the stage. - Secret Scent," I took a deep breath and Mark

Chapter 112 The Mysterious Singer Samson's POV: +30 Free Coins The spotlight hit the center of the stage. A woman in a white dress stood there, wearing a silver vixen

mask that revealed only her eyes, clear and deep like a frozen lake in the Arctic. When the host announced the song name, my hand paused midair. The whiskey glass trembled slightly between my fingers. My brow furrowed. This was Avi's breakout hit song. Back in Howlstead, Avi was once a sensation. Her voice wasn't just beautiful; it carried pure alpha's wolf spirit energy. Her songs could calm even the most restless spirits.

Every old alpha in the city praised her. But at her peak, she vanished, disappearing along with her pack. No one knew why. Her sudden retreat became one of the biggest mysteries in werewolf history. I hadn't planned on coming here tonight. I only followed Amanda's scent out of worry when she went out alone. I dismissed my trackers and came myself. I didn't expect to walk into this small, dim bar and hear that familiar melody again. "When the petals drift away, their scent fades with the storm, forgotten by all what once bloomed." The moment she sang, the whole place went silent.

Her voice was clear and airy, with a hint of crisp chill at the edges-just like Avi's. Even the energy flowing in her voice was the same-pure, effortless, and natural. That kind of resonance couldn't be faked. It came from deep inside, a gift she was born with. My chest tightened. My alpha senses picked up more details. The way she stood-straight-backed, calm but steady-held a quiet strength I'd seen before. It was just like Amanda when she was deep in focus, lost in her studies. Even the small movement of her hand adjusting the mask-the curve of her fingers-was almost identical to hers. No.

Impossible. Amanda was an omega with barely any wolf spirit energy. She was composed and restrained, nothing like the radiant singer who once ruled the stage in Howlstead. But that voice, that flow of energy-they were too alike. I couldn't stay seated anymore. I rose and strode toward the backstage entrance. "Sir, you can't go in there," the staff said, stepping in my path but not blocking me firmly. I didn't respond. My alpha aura had already slipped free, heavy and commanding. The crest on my sleeve caught the light. I pulled a thick stack of cash from my pocket and handed it to the waiter.

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My voice was low. "Move." He froze for a second, then quickly stepped aside, pretending to be polite. I caught that flicker of greed in his eyes. I ignored him and walked straight toward the backstage door. The air smelled faintly of perfume mixed 1/3
19:45 Tue, Dec 30 Chapter 112 The Mysterious Singer with something else, a trace of alpha scent so weak it could only be masked by a sigil. The song ended, followed by thunderous applause. Some in the crowd shouted, "Encore!" +30 Free Coins She gave a small bow, then returned to the backstage.

Her white dress trailed behind her in a graceful curve under the lights. "Wait." My voice cut through the noise with the sharpness only an alpha could have. She froze mid-step. Her body stiffened for a moment before she slowly turned around. I studied her-the way she stood, the shape of her shoulders, and her posture. The longer I looked, the more familiar she seemed. She reached up, fingers tightening as she adjusted her mask. Her

voice came out soft, a little too careful, too practiced. "Can I help you?" "I just want to ask-are you Avi?" I asked directly, locking my gaze on hers.

For a split second, panic flashed across her eyes. It was gone almost immediately, buried under a calm expression. But it was there. That moment of fear. And it only made me more certain. "Sorry," she said gently, though there was a hint of tension in her voice, "You've got the wrong person." She tried to walk past me, but I instinctively reached out and grabbed her wrist. "What are you doing?" she snapped, struggling to pull away. "Let go of me!" I didn't. Instead, I looked her over carefully. Her height, her build, even the way she tilted her head slightly when she spoke.

It was exactly like Amanda. But Avi was said to be Glacier Pack's alpha and prodigy. Her wolf spirit was powerful and dominant. The woman in front of me barely gave off any energy at all. "Are you sure you're not her?" I asked again, my tone darker now. "Your voice, the energy in your singing. It's exactly the same." That purity, that calm power that could soothe another's wolf spirit, it wasn't something any ordinary omega could fake. She was silent for a few seconds, then gave a small, almost teasing laugh. "So that's it." Pulling her hand free, she stepped back, putting space between us.

"I just really like Avi's songs. I've practiced copying her style for years. Sounds like I did a good job if I fooled you." Her explanation sounded reasonable. Too reasonable. But my gut refused to believe it. You can copy someone's tone, but not that deep, natural alpha resonance. Not the little details that screamed Amanda. I stared at her, letting my alpha aura spread, hoping to trigger a real wolf spirit reaction. She flinched a little, but her energy stayed steady-soft, calm, with no trace of the sharpness an alpha carried.

2/3 19:45 Tue, Dec 30 GO Chapter 112 The Mysterious Singer Maybe I really was overthinking it. Mark

Chapter 113 We're Still Here Amanda's POV: The moment Samson let go, I practically ran. My heart was pounding so hard it hurt. +30 Free Coins Nine was already waiting by the backstage door. The second he saw me, he rushed over, worry flashing in his eyes. "Who was that guy? What did he want from you?" "Don't ask. Just go!" I grabbed his arm and pushed through the crowd. My fingertips still carried the faint coolness from where Samson had touched me. Alice's voice echoed in my mind, sharp with relief, "That was close! Samson's alpha senses are way too sharp.

A second later, he might've figured you out!" I didn't answer. I just kept running until we reached the motorcycle. As soon as the engine roared to life, the rush of wind against my face finally steadied my nerves. Why was Samson there? Had he been following me? The thought sent a chill down my spine. He could never find out my real identity. We sped through Ziecson's night streets. Neon lights flashed by. Nine didn't say a word, just rode silently beside me. When we reached the courtyard house, he finally spoke. "Avi, did you see them back there?"

All those people-how were they lost in your music? After all these years, you still have so many fans. Even when you stopped writing and disappeared from the stage, they never gave up. They still check your Instagram and wait for you to return every day. Can you really walk away from your loyal fans?" I pursed my lip, my chest tight with mixed emotions. Back then, I sang because I loved to sing and because my pack needed that kind of wolf spirit energy. But now, I'm Amanda. A disguised alpha pretending to be an omega, an alpha who can't even control her own wolf spirit.

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How could I ever sing again? "For them," I said softly, "all I can do is say sorry." Nine's eyes dimmed, but his stayed stubborn. "No matter what, Avi, we'll keep waiting for the day you return and light up the stage again." I smiled faintly, patted his shoulder, and whispered, "Take me home." Nine dropped me off at the villa gate. Before leaving, he smiled and said, "If you ever change your mind, just call me. I'll be waiting." I didn't answer, just waved at him, and walked straight into the villa. Thankfully, Samson wasn't back yet. I washed up, climbed into bed, and quickly fell asleep.

The next morning, I woke up earlier than usual. The room next door was still quiet. Samson hadn't returned all night. 1/2 19:45 Tue, Dec 30 GO Chapter 113 We're Still Here I didn't dwell on it. After getting ready, I grabbed a cab straight to the site. 52 +30 Free Coins As soon as I arrived, I spotted Jennifer and Clara waving at me from the gate, their faces full of excitement. "Amanda! Over here!" "You guys came early," I said, smiling as I walked up to them. Clara grinned. "We got here last night. Tried some local delicacies in Ziecson. Absolutely amazing." I laughed.

"What room are you guys in?" Clara pulled out her test card. "Room 7. You?" I checked mine. "Room 21." Jennifer's eyes lit up. "That's perfect! I'm in 20-right next to you." The three of us chatted and laughed as we walked toward the main building. Just as we reached the entrance, a familiar figure came toward me-Jayden. He wore a crisp white shirt, shoulders squared, carrying a black pencil pouch. Without a word, he handed it to me. "I brought you some pencils and pens," he said. I blinked, caught off guard. The pouch felt heavy in my hand. "You didn't have to.

I brought my own." "Take it," he insisted, his tone calm but firm. There was a quiet seriousness in his eyes. "They use special paper. Regular pens don't work well. These are better." Before I could say anything else, he added, "See you later." He turned and marched toward his room. I stood there holding the pouch, completely stunned. Clara and Jennifer both exchanged knowing looks, their eyes full of mischief. They leaned in, whispering, "Okay, Amanda, what's going on here?" I shrugged, equally confused.

"Nothing's going on." But inside, I couldn't help wondering-with this plain, yellowish makeup and fake freckles, what could Jayden possibly see in me? Did he see through my disguise? Or did he have a crush on me for real? Tue, Dec 30 G Mark

Chapter 114 A Close Call Amanda's POV: 92 +30 Free Coins I tapped Clara and Jennifer lightly on the head, sighing at their gossipy looks. "Enough chit-chat. Focus on your competition," I said. Before running off, Clara stuck out her tongue and teased, "I bet he's into you." Jennifer quickly comforted me. "Don't mind her. Just do your best today!" I glanced down at my pencil case, frowning in confusion. I deliberately make my face pale and dull, with freckles dotted across my cheeks. The loose uniform I wore made me look like an ordinary, plain Omega. What on earth did Jayden see in me?

Unable to figure it out, I decided not to think about it. A classmate nearby was frantically searching her bag and muttering that she'd forgotten her pen. I gave that pencil case to her. The test lasted two hours. It was tougher than the tests at training camp, which included advanced math and science problems, as well as practical exercises on wolf spirit energy transformation. The test included a cross-pack Stellune language interpretation question. Stellune was the universal language in Howlstead. It was carved on an ancient stone monument and used in official inter-pack negotiations.

Still, I stayed calm and finished early, turning in my paper 30 minutes before time was up. When I left the building, I checked the time and called a cab back to the villa. Just as I arrived, Samson was about to head out. He spotted me and said flatly, "Something came up. We'll go back tomorrow." "You can go handle your stuff," I said quickly. "I can head home on my own." After all, the competition was done; there was no need to trouble him further. He narrowed his eyes slightly and left no room for argument. "Grandpa told me to look after you.

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If I let you go home alone, how would I explain that to him?" There it was again. Grandpa said this; Grandpa said that. I sighed inwardly but knew he was right. "Fine," I said. "Another day here won't hurt." I saw he carried a briefcase with him. "You're heading out? Where to?" He didn't answer right away. Instead, his gaze swept over me, from my sallow face to the baggy uniform. His brows furrowed almost imperceptibly. "If you're bored," he finally said, "you can come with me." I wanted to refuse, but then I thought better about it. The competition was over, and I had nothing to do.

Sitting alone in the villa was dull anyway. So, I agreed. When the car stopped in front of a high-end styling studio, panic shot through me. I quickly grabbed Samson's sleeve. "Why are we here?" 1/3 Dec Chapter 114 A Close Call 52 +30 Free Coins He glanced at me calmly. "We're meeting clients from the Westveil Pack. They're from the birthplace of Stellune and care a lot about etiquette." His eyes flicked over my outfit. "Do you really think you can meet them dressed like that?" I looked down at myself.

The loose uniform hid my figure well enough, but my makeup made me look plain and a bit messy. I was used to this disguise. Honestly, I didn't see a problem. But clearly, Samson did. He turned to the stylist and said firmly, "You have one hour. I want to see a completely new version of her. The stylist gave me a long, assessing look. Her professional gaze made my stomach twist. No way. I couldn't let them touch my face. If

they removed my disguise, my identity would be exposed. "There's no need for a makeover," I said quickly, my voice a little too sharp.

"Just help me find a business outfit; that's all." The stylist looked toward Samson. He gave a small nod. She finally gestured for me to follow. "You can choose an outfit here," she said kindly. "Once you've picked one, we'll style you." My forehead covered in sweat, "No, thank you," I blurted. "I'll handle my makeup myself." Seeing how firm I was, she didn't argue. I picked a simple black business suit. The fabric was crisp and well-fitted, tracing the curve of my waist and the length of my legs. I'd hidden my figure under baggy clothes; who knew a simple suit could look this flattering?

Facing the mirror, I adjusted my makeup. Just a bit of concealer to even my skin tone and lighten the fake freckles. Everything else stayed plain, safe, and unremarkable. Once I was sure there was no risk of exposure, I took a deep breath and stepped out. "I'm ready" Samson looked up. For a moment, something unreadable flickered in his eyes. His gaze lingered on me for several seconds before he finally turned away. He said nothing and just walked toward the door. "Let's go." I followed, feeling uneasy. "I look fine, right?" "Yeah," he replied.

Then, out of nowhere, he asked, "How's your stellune?" I blinked, confused. "It's fine. I can handle basic conversation and translation. I can read some ancient stellune too." "Good," he said. "Then you'll be my translator today." "What?" I froze. "You want me to translate for you?" It didn't make sense. Samson was the future Alpha; his stellune had to be fluent. Why would he need me? He raised an eyebrow. "Is that a problem?" 2/3
19.43 Tue, Dec 30 Chapter 114 A Close Call I frowned slightly. "But..." Mark

Chapter 115 He Can't Look Away Samson's POV: +30 Free Coins "No excuses." I cut Amanda off, my tone carrying the kind of authority only an Alpha could wield. Without another word, we headed straight for the hotel where the negotiation would take place. The partnership between Eclipse Pack and the Westveil Pack involved the shared rights to the prime energy field. Their representatives were all high-ranking Alphas-seasoned negotiators who often traveled between packs. They were fluent in Stellune and always used it for official negotiation.

Our car pulled up to Stellarcourt, a facility in Ziecson built specifically for inter-pack negotiations. The interior walls were engraved with stabilizing stellar runes that balanced Alpha energy. The air carried Westveil's signature cedar scent. Something designed to prevent energy clashes from sparking fights during tense meetings. When I pushed open the door to the room, three tall men were already on their feet. The cuffs of their suits were embroidered with the silverstar crest of the Westveil Pack.

The Alpha pressure radiating from them was sharp and heavy, their eyes sharp as hawks as they sized up their opponents. "Samson," the lead man spoke first, his tone calm and deliberate. His Stellune carried the distinct rolling accent of Westveil. "We're eager to know just how sincere your pack is." I didn't answer. Instead, I gave Amanda a brief look. She understood instantly. Stepping forward with a composed smile, she

spoke fluent Stellune, every word precise and confident. "Gentlemen, welcome to Ziecson. I'm Amanda Lamb, Mr. Ortega's interpreter.

This proposal benefits both sides and ensures mutual access to the energy field, a win-win for all involved." Throughout the meeting, I said little. But my gaze kept drifting toward her. Dressed in a fitted black suit, she looked both elegant and commanding. Her eyes stayed calm and focused as she interpreted each question and counterpoint. Even when the Westveil Alphas pressed her with sharp challenges, she handled them with steady logic and poise, conveying both sides' points flawlessly. Watching her looking so composed and professional, I couldn't look away.

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"I'm going to the restroom." Amanda's voice cut through my thoughts. She spoke softly, then closed the door behind her. The room instantly relaxed. The Alphas from the Westveil raised a brow and grinned. "Samson, what's with you today? You've barely said a word. You let that young lady handle the whole talk for you." I smiled faintly. "She's my assistant. She's not that familiar with business, so I'm letting her practice." "Your assistant, huh?" Another alpha chuckled. "Could've fooled me.

The way you were looking at her, I thought she was your mate." At the mention of mate, I didn't feel any rejection. Strangely, it even sounded fitting when it came to 1/2 Chapter 115 He Can't Look Away +30 Free Coins Amanda. My fingers brushed along the rim of my glass. I didn't deny it. Instead, I tilted my head back and finished my drink. The cool energy sliding down my throat, masking the unfamiliar emotion stirring inside. "Clearly, that assistant of yours isn't just an ordinary Omega," one of them teased. The Westveil alphas were always blunt and bold. "If you like her, make a move!

Since when did an alpha get shy?" The drink caught in my throat, and I choked hard, coughing uncontrollably. Just then, the door opened. Amanda walked back in, holding a tissue. She noticed me coughing, hurried over, and offered it. "Are you okay?" I looked up and met her clear eyes, so pure that my reflection stood out in them, sharp and unclouded. For some reason, my ears burned hot. Remembering the teasing from moments ago, I quickly looked away. "I'm fine," I said, trying to sound calm, though my voice carried a trace of nervousness I couldn't hide.

Amanda's POV: The alphas from Westveil laughed among themselves when they saw Samson's relaxed expression. The last round of negotiations ended in an unexpectedly easy atmosphere. By the time we stepped out of Stellarcourt, Samson had already drunk plenty of Westveil's special energy wine. His steps were unsteady. Most of his weight leaned against me. I struggled to hold him up, panting a little. "Why did you drink so much? You know too much energy wine makes an alpha's wolf spirit unstable." "It's been a long time since I've had a drink like this," he said, looking down at me.

His brown eyes were hazy with alcohol; the sharp alpha pressure around him softened to something almost gentle. "I just feel a little dizzy." "Of course you do," I muttered.

"You can barely stand. Hold still, I'll call a cab." I pulled out my phone. He obediently leaned against me. The warmth from his chest came from his shirt, carrying the faint scent of pine and that rich trace of energy wine. Good thing I was an alpha. Any omega would've been crushed under his weight. Even so, my arm was starting to ache; I had to quietly draw on a bit of my energy just to keep steady.

When we finally reached the villa, I guided him inside. The foyer light was dim. I reached toward the wall to flip the switch, only to trip over his foot. Samson lurched forward, crashing into me. I tried to catch him, but he was heavier than I expected. My balance slipped. With a muffled thud, we both tumbled onto the thick carpet. The impact sent a dull ache through my back. I hadn't even caught my breath when I suddenly felt something warm press against my lips. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 116 The Accidental Kiss Amanda's POV: For a split second, time froze. +30 Free Coins His lips were hot, tasting of energy wine and pine. The softness of his lips made every muscle in my body tense up. His alpha scent poured over me, heavy and possessive but clumsy from the alcohol. I could feel his eyelashes tremble, brushing against my cheek, tickling in a way that sent a numbness down my spine. Inside me, my alpha wolf spirit flared to life, clashing violently with his. The Frostcloak Sigil on my wrist grew hot, almost losing its hold. Alice screamed in my head, "Oh my gosh!

He's kissing you! Push him away! The sigil can't hide your alpha scent much longer!" I jolted back to reality and shoved against his chest. Samson's hand moved instinctively, gripping my shoulder with raw alpha strength. I couldn't move an inch. "Samson!" I hissed, my voice trembling with panic and embarrassment. My first kiss and it just got stolen like that?! Maybe I pushed too hard, or maybe he was too drunk. He grunted softly, lost balance, and fell to the side. His eyes closed, his breathing slowed. Within seconds, he was out cold.

I scrambled to my feet, barely glancing at Samson lying on the floor. My heart pounded as I bolted down the hall, slammed my bedroom door shut, and leaned hard against it. "Ugh!" I groaned, gripping my hair in frustration. "What on earth was that?!" I stared at my reflection in the mirror. My face flushed, breath uneven. The more I thought about it, the more annoyed I became. I grabbed a tissue and scrubbed at my lips like that could erase what just happened. But my mind wouldn't listen. It kept replaying everything.

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His burning lips, the faint taste of wine on his breath, the strength of his hand pressing against my shoulder, and that overwhelming scent of pine that filled the air. "Get it together, Amanda," I muttered to the mirror, taking a deep breath. "Nothing happened. Do you hear me? Nothing." I kept repeating it, but the memory only grew clearer, sharper, and impossible to ignore. "Ugh, seriously, Samson!" I groaned again, ruffling my hair. "Why'd you have to drink so much? How could you do that to me!" I wasn't in the mood to care about him. I just let him sleep on the living room floor.

But when I finally crawled into bed, sleep refused to come. I tossed and turned, my mind a mess. Part regret, part nervous flutter, and a trace of fear I couldn't quite name. What if he woke up and remembered 1/2 19:45 Tue, Dec 30 G Chapter 116 The Accidental Kiss something? What if he sensed my alpha scent? +30 Free Coins The moonlight outside the window slowly faded as the night deepened. Guilt gnawed at me until I couldn't stand it anymore. I quietly slipped out of bed, tiptoed into the living room, and hauled his sleeping body back into the bedroom.

The next morning, after washing up, I stepped out of the bedroom, and there he was. Samson sat on the couch with his laptop open, fingers flying across the keyboard. Samson's POV: "You're awake?" I asked when I heard footsteps behind me, not bothering to look up from my laptop. There was no answer. When I finally lifted my head, I saw Amanda standing in the doorway. Her brows were furrowed; a faint blush lingered on her cheeks. Her eyes darted away the moment our gazes met.

Something about that look made fragments of memory flash in my mind-hazy flashes of warmth, the soft brush of lips, her flustered voice telling me to stop. My heart skipped a beat. My fingers froze. I shut the laptop and leaned forward a little. "I drank too much last night," I said quietly. "Thanks for taking care of me." "Oh, so you do remember that?" She shot back, her tone sharp. "Do you know how much effort it took to drag you into your room?"

I was this close to passing out myself!" Her cheeks puffed slightly as she glared at me, her eyes bright, almost teary-like a tiny, angry kitten bristling. My lips curved, just a little, so quick it was almost invisible. I suppressed the odd feelings and forced myself to sound casual. "I blacked out. I didn't do anything inappropriate, did I?" At that, she froze. Words choked in her throat. The fire in her eyes went out in an instant. Her gaze flickered for a few seconds before she finally replied coldly. 2/2 19:46 Tue, Dec 30 G Mark

Chapter 117 A Little Push Samson's POV: "No." Hearing her answer, I felt a strange mix of relief and disappointment. 52 +30 Free Coins Maybe I really was imagining things-just a drunk man's illusion. Odd though, I've never been drunk before, no matter how much energy wine I drink. But last night? I was completely out of it. Guess I should cut back from now on. I stood, walked to the fridge, and opened it. "Hungry? There's food inside. I can cook breakfast, or we can go out." She froze, surprised by the sudden change of topic. After a pause, she said quietly, "Pack up.

We'll head back this afternoon." "Alright." I nodded without arguing. Amanda's POV: The car rolled through the gates of the castle. When I opened the door and stepped inside, Hugh looked up and smiled warmly. "Amanda, how does it go?" "It went fine. Nothing too hard." I forced a small smile, trying to sound casual. But the moment I thought about last night, something still felt off. "I knew it! You always do great." Hugh chuckled until his eyes nearly disappeared, then glanced around in confusion. "Wait, why are you alone?"

Where's Samson?" At the mention of his name, irritation bubbled up inside me. I kept my tone even. "He went to the office." Hugh's sharp instincts caught my mood right away. He scowled and asked, "Did Samson give you a hard time? If he ever bullies you, tell me. I'll deal with him myself." I dropped my gaze and shook my head quickly. "No, I'm fine." How could I possibly tell him about that ridiculous kiss? Just thinking about it made my face burn. "Hugh, I'm a little tired. I think I'll rest for a bit." After a quick goodbye, I hurriedly went upstairs and ran into my room.

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Behind me, I heard Hugh chuckle quietly, a smile tugging at his lips. The butler, Will Garner, stood beside him. He couldn't help commenting, "Mr. Hugh, you seem to be in a rather good mood today." "Of course I am." Hugh's grin widened. "Looks like my little trick worked just fine. Let them spend more time together. Sooner or later, sparks will fly. I'll just have to make sure I don't let my future granddaughter-in-law slip away." "You're absolutely right, Mr. Hugh," Will agreed at once. "Ms. Amanda is intelligent and composed. Mr. Samson's calm and thoughtful. They make a perfect match.

Speaking of which, Mr. Samson's birthday is coming up. Maybe that's the right time to nudge things along?" 1/2 19:46 Tue, Dec 30 Gr Chapter 117 A Little Push 430 Free Coins Hugh nodded, eyes gleaming with scheming amusement. "No need to rush. We'll watch quietly for now. When the time's right, we'll give them a little push." I picked up their conversation and froze mid-step. My cheeks were burning. Was Hugh trying to set me up with Samson? Thinking about last night's kiss made my stomach twist. I picked up my pace and practically ran back to my room.

Once inside, I shut the door, opened my laptop, and logged into the special account I'd used to help Samson translate the Isnesh language files. A message notification popped up, something he'd sent more than two weeks ago. He'd asked if I was willing to travel to the Isnesh's energy field as an on-site interpreter, promising great pay and benefits. If this had been before, maybe I would've said yes. But now? Just seeing his name made that ridiculous night replay in my mind. Without a second thought, I typed two words. Not going. The moment I hit send, a wave of relief washed over me.

It felt like finally letting out a breath I'd been holding for days. I closed the laptop and pushed the whole thing out of my mind. The competition was over. It was time to get back to my normal life. As for Samson, I'd avoid him whenever I could. The next morning, Samson was supposed to drive me back to the training camp, but I woke up extra early and left with Josh instead. Josh gave me a puzzled look. "Why didn't you wait for Samson?" "He's busy. No need to bother him," I said casually, keeping my tone light. Truth was, I just needed some distance.

After more than two weeks away, stepping back into the training camp felt like walking into familiar warmth again. Before I could take another step, a familiar figure came rushing toward me. "Amanda! You're finally back!" 2/2 Mark

Chapter 118 Upcoming Birthday Party Amanda's POV: 52 +30 Free Coins Emily threw her arms around me in a tight hug, squeezing so hard I couldn't breathe. "Okay, okay, you're crushing me," I laughed, patting her back. "You have no idea how much I missed you! It felt like forever." She linked her arm through mine as we walked toward class. Emily suddenly lowered her voice and said, "Oh, right-Amanda. Guess what? Regina's getting engaged. She even came to school a few days ago handing out invitations." The name didn't stir anything in me anymore. I just said calmly, "That's her life.

It's got nothing to do with me." C Emily frowned, clearly upset. "I still can't stand it! People like her pull every dirty trick in the book and still end up happy. Her fiancé is supposed to be a well-known future Alpha. Tell me that's fair! Don't bad people ever get what they deserve?" Her frustration made me smile. I reached out and ruffled her hair. "Hey, stop overthinking it. Let them live however they want. We just focus on our own goals, okay?" My words seemed to lift her mood. She nodded and grinned again. Together, we stepped into the classroom.

Samson's POV: The words "Not going" glared at me from the screen like a nail driven into my mind. That was the reply I'd received last night. The Isnesh Pack lived in the southwest region of Howlstead. Their unique language blended ancient runes with local dialects, hard to read, harder to master. Only a handful across the Howlstead could use it fluently. This new partnership between Eclipse Pack and Isnesh Pack was critical. It involved the shared rights to a prime energy field. If we succeeded, it would give our pack a stable supply of wolf-spirit energy, strengthening our future growth.

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I pressed the intercom. My assistant entered quickly, looking uneasy. "Mr. Ortega." "Any luck finding a translator for the Isnesh language? Send me their résumé." He lowered his head. "Mr. Ortega, not yet. We've contacted every university that teaches the language, but none of their graduates are qualified." My fingers tapped against the desk, faster and faster. I stared at the screen again, at those two cold words. After a moment of hesitation, I typed, "Name your price. Money isn't an issue." But then I paused, thinking it might sound too cold.

I added another line, "If you have any concerns, we can talk in person. As for payment, you can set the amount yourself." As the future Alpha of the Eclipse Pack, I've never needed to bow to anyone. But this time, for the sake of 1/2 19:46 Tue, Dec 30 G Chapter 118 Upcoming Birthday Party the pack, I had to lower my pride. \$30 Free Coins "Go handle it," I waved my hand at my assistant. "Keep searching for a translator. The moment you find one, let me know." "Yes, Mr. Ortega." He nodded and left the office. I lowered my head to sort through the mining cooperation file.

The door suddenly pushed open again. "What else?" I asked without looking up, assuming it was my assistant returning. A warm, familiar voice replied, "It's me." I looked up in surprise and stood up from my seat. "Grandpa? What brings you here today?" He smiled, walking over to the couch. "I was bored at home and thought I'd

come check on you. You've been busy with the mining project lately. It must be exhausting." I handed him the financial report on my desk, which listed the monthly energy revenue and distribution. Grandpa always checks on it. "Here's this month's report. Take a look.

I have a cross-pack meeting later about the energy transport plan." But instead of reading it, Grandpa set the folder aside and looked at me with a thoughtful expression. "No rush. I came to talk about something else." His eyes gleamed with quiet calculation. "Your birthday's coming up. Any plans?" "Birthday?" I paused, realizing it was only two weeks away. I've never cared much for birthday celebrations. Every year, we'd just have a family dinner and discuss pack affairs. It was simple and efficient. "Nothing special. Let's just do what we always do." "That won't do.

Our pack hasn't had a proper gathering in ages. Let's throw a real party this time. We'll invite the core members from other packs. It'll be good for networking and strengthening alliances." I frowned, ready to refuse, but his eager eyes stopped me. The protest died on my tongue. "Grandpa, I've got too many projects on my plate right now. I'm supposed to travel to Isnes Pack in a few days," I tried to reason. "That can wait. You can bring an interpreter with you," he said firmly, leaving no room for argument. "I'll handle the party arrangements.

You just show up on time." He'd made up his mind. At that point, saying no would've been pointless. I sighed softly. "Alright. Whatever you say, Grandpa." 2/2 Mark

Chapter 119 Elevator Malfunction Amanda's POV: 30 Free Coins After school, I walked to the gate and spotted Derrick's car parked by the curb. Ever since we returned from Ziecson, I'd been avoiding Samson. I had been asking Derrick to give me a ride home. "Give me your backpack," Derrick said as he got out, taking it from me and opening the passenger door like a gentleman. His scent was calm and steady, not as overpowering as Samson's. The car was quiet once we got in. Derrick tried to start a conversation.

"How was training camp today?" "It was fine," I said softly, watching the streets slide past the window. My thoughts drifted to the translation job invitation sent by Samson. I still hadn't replied. I just wanted to avoid anything that had to do with him. When we pulled into the underground garage beneath the castle, we headed to the elevator together. As soon as Derrick pressed the floor button, the elevator shook, the lights flickered, and then everything went black. "What's going on?" The sudden darkness swallowed me whole, triggering the claustrophobia buried deep inside me.

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Memories from years ago are flashing through my mind. My fingers trembled as I pounded on the elevator door. My body shook uncontrollably, cold sweat beading on my forehead. "Probably just a malfunction," Derrick said, trying to sound calm. "I'll call someone from the house to fix it." But I couldn't hear him clearly. The dark felt alive, like icy hands tightening around my chest, crushing the air out of me. Inside my mind, Alice

screamed, "Amanda! Stay calm! Your claustrophobia's triggered! The sigil can't hold back your Alpha aura much longer!" I felt the sigil on my wrist burning hot.

Alice was thrashing inside me, wild and uncontrollable. The sigil barely kept my identity from bursting free. "N-No... I can't," My teeth chattered. My voice was weak. My body gave out, and I collapsed to the floor. My mind blurred. My limbs jerked uncontrollably. Memories from the past flooded back. "Hey! What's wrong? Are you okay?" Derrick's voice came from somewhere above me. He crouched down, trying to hold me, but I couldn't answer. I could only gasp, my chest heaving in pain. From outside, I heard servants shouting, but the elevator doors wouldn't budge.

The sigil on my wrist grew hotter. My Alpha power was breaking free. And through the haze, one desperate thought ran in my mind. Don't let it show. Whatever happens, don't let it show. 1/2 Tue, Chapter 119 Elevator Malfunction Derrick's POV "Mr. Derrick, are you okay?" The servant's voice came through the elevator door, filled with panic. I looked down at Amanda sprawled on the floor, words catching in my throat for the first time. "Open the door now! Hurry!" My fingers brushed her damp forehead. The coldness under my hand made my heart clench.

Her breathing was getting weaker, and her body shook even harder. Then came the sound of rapid footsteps echoing from the garage entrance. I looked up and saw a figure rushing toward us through the narrow crack between the elevator doors. It was Samson. He had just gotten out of his car when the servant ran up to him. "Mr. Samson! Something happened! Mc Amanda and Mr. Derrick are trapped inside the elevator!" Samson didn't waste time. He sprinted to the control panel, his fingers flying across the buttons. He clearly knew this system inside out.

Within moments, he cut the power, rebooted the circuit, and-click-the elevator doors slid open. The instant the doors parted, his eyes locked onto Amanda lying on the floor. Without hesitation, he stepped in, scooped her up in his arms, and turned to run out. His movements were swift and steady, every muscle tense with urgency. The fear and worry in his expression were raw, something I had never seen on his face before. I stood frozen, watching him carry Amanda away. My gaze darkened, and my hands slowly curled into fists. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 120 Unmasked 52 430 Free Coins Chapter 120 Unmasked Samson's POV: The moment the elevator doors popped open, I saw Amanda lying on the floor. Her face was as pale. Her lips had no color. She curled up and convulsed. Sweat soaked her hair. She looked so fragile it made my chest tighten. I didn't think. I bent down and scooped her into my arms. Her body was weightless but burning hot. Her breathing was so faint I could barely feel it. "Call the family doctor! Now!" I shouted as I strode out. "Tell him to bring a wolf spirit stabilizer. Hurry!" My voice shook without me noticing.

She curled into herself in my arms. Her fingers twitched. Clearly, she was trapped in a panic state. Back in her room, I laid her gently on the bed and kept saying her name. "Amanda? Amanda? Wake up!" She didn't answer. Her eyes stayed shut. Her face

stayed pale. I grabbed her cold hand. Her fingers clenched a little, like she was holding on to something. I softened my tone and tried to calm her with steady energy. I didn't let go until the family doctor arrived. Only then did I step out of the bedroom. In the hallway, I saw Derrick standing not far away. His look was complicated.

Anger flared up inside me. I walked straight to him. My eyes went hard. "What did you do to her?" I demanded. Derrick stayed silent. He just stared at me with a mix of resentment and jealousy. He and I have been the strongest contenders for future Alpha since we were kids. We've always been rivals. Derrick was ambitious and ruthless. He's always tried to outmaneuver me in pack affairs and fought to be the next in line. Our rivalry has never stopped. It's like fire and water between us. "I'm warning you, Derrick." My voice carried the alpha's iron. Each word was cold as ice.

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"Stay away from her. Don't put her in danger. If you do, I'll make sure you have no place in the Eclipse Pack and not in this family." But Derrick didn't seem the least bit concerned. Instead, a mocking smile tugged at his lips as he sneered, "Why are you so worked up over her? What, did you fall for that ugly, useless Omega who can't even help you fight for the Alpha seat?" He dragged out the words "ugly" and "useless," his tone dripping with disdain. To him, every relationship was just a piece on the power board. In his eyes, Amanda-with her plain looks, 1/2 19:46 Tue, Dec 30 GO.

Chapter 120 Unmasked weak background, and no remarkable wolf spirit-was nothing but a waste of space. 30 Free Coins "But a woman that ugly-she's not really your type, is she?" Derrick sneered, closing the distance between us one slow step at a time. His Alpha aura pressed forward, sharp and challenging. "Don't think I don't know what you're up to," he said, his voice dropping low. "Let's be honest. Our goals aren't that different. We both want the same thing: the title of Eclipse Pack's future Alpha. So let's not play innocent. No need for moral talk.

We'll just see who's smart enough to win in the end." He thought I was only close to Amanda for the same reason he did anything-for power, for leverage, for control I gave him a faint smirk, my eyes cold and unreadable. "So the fox finally shows his tail." He never hid his ambition. He used to wear a mask. He used to hide it behind fake smiles and polite words, but now jealousy had stripped that mask away. Derrick gave a short and bitter chuckle, saying nothing, and turned to leave. Yeah, I know he's planning his next move. And something told me the fun was just getting started. Mark

Chapter 121 The Fear That Never Left Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins When the fever finally broke, I opened my eyes and saw Hugh sitting in a chair by my bed, worry written all over his face. "Amanda, thank goodness you're awake," he said. My mind was still foggy. The darkness and suffocating air in that elevator rushed back to me like a wave. I shivered before I could stop myself. "I'm fine," I said softly. "Sorry for worrying you." Hugh reached out and touched my forehead. When he confirmed that my temperature was normal, he finally relaxed. "Don't say that, kiddo.

I didn't know you had claustrophobia. From now on, I'll make sure nothing like that ever happens again." I grunted faintly. Not many people knew about my fear of closed spaces. It hadn't shown up for years; I thought I'd beaten it. But this time, I realized I might never escape it. Alice's voice sighed inside my mind. "It's my fault. I should've steadied your wolf spirit. You shouldn't have had to suffer like that." I shook my head internally. It wasn't her fault. That fear came from something much deeper, something too old and painful to erase. Hugh's voice pulled me back.

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"Amanda, if you want to eat something, just tell me. I'll have them make it for you. You need to rest and get your strength back." "I know, Hugh," I said quietly. For the next few days, I stayed home to recover. Hugh arranged for the Ortegas brothers to take turns looking after me. Josh didn't talk much, but he brought fresh fruit and Stellune books every day. Alan, who was always busy with his music tours, still stopped by with desserts whenever he came home. He'd grumble, "Such a hassle," but there was no real annoyance in his eyes. Only Samson.

Every time he comes, he brings a tonic the housekeeper makes. He doesn't say much, but he always seems to know what I need. And yet he's the one I least want to see. The moment I see him, that ridiculous kiss from Ziecson and the warmth and scent of him holding me in the elevator rush back, flooding my mind. My first kiss with a boy and my first time being carried in the hand of a man were both with him. He was an alpha who makes me tense and strangely nervous. 1/2 19:46 Tue, Dec 30 J G.

Chapter 121 The Fear That Never Left 52 +30 Free Coins That afternoon Samson walked in with a bowl of mushroom soup. His voice was low. "The housekeeper made this. Eat it while it's hot." I was holding an old Stellune book and flipping through it. When he spoke, I only mumbled, without looking up. The words on the page blurred. From the corner of my eye I saw him standing by the bed. He didn't leave right away. "Are you back to school tomorrow?" he asked. "Yeah." I kept my head down and rubbed the edge of the page without thinking. My heart beat faster for no reason.

He was quiet for a few seconds, like he wanted to say something but stopped. "Make sure you eat that. I'm heading out," he said. His footsteps faded, and the door closed softly. I put the book down and let out a long sigh. I looked at the steaming bowl on the nightstand. I had no appetite. I opened my laptop and logged into my translator account. A message from Samson popped up on the screen. It was short. "Pay negotiable. Reply ASAP." The man is generous. I rolled my eyes. Still, I started doing the math. The Isnesh Pack still hides things I want to know.

If I disguised myself well and use a fake name to deal with him, he might not recognize me. Besides, what's more important than getting paid? With that decided, I typed, "10 million. If that works, I'll leave anytime! Not long after, a ping sounded. A reply came. 2/2 19:46 Tue, Dec 30 Mark

Chapter 122 Isnesh, Here I Come Amanda's POV: A simple "OK." Typical of the Eclipse Pack's future Alpha-rich and decisive. +30 Free Coins I quickly called Theo. "Hey, I need you to make me an ID and a passport. Any name works, as long as I can fly with it." "Boss, are you leaving the country?" Theo sounded intrigued. "Yeah. Taking an interpretation job. Need some travel funds," I said casually. "Book a different flight than Samson's. I don't want him to find out." "Got it!" He agreed right away.

"By the way, Boss, about that thing you asked me to check, there's been some movement in Isnesh lately. Be careful out there." My chest tightened. "Thanks. I'll watch my back." I stared at Samson's icon glowing on my laptop screen. I took a deep breath and warned myself silently. Amanda, keep your distance this time. Don't let anything like what happened with Ziecson happen again. And whatever you do, don't let anyone find out you're an Alpha. The mushroom soup beside me had gone cold. I picked it up and drank it all anyway. I needed to stay strong for the mission ahead. Isnesh, here I come.

The next morning, I handed my teacher a note. "I'd like to take a few days off to visit my grandparents." She approved it without hesitation. When I got back to the castle, Hugh had already stacked a mountain of gifts by the door-the Eclipse Pack's signature energy fruits, rare iceroot that strengthened wolf'spirits, and expensive supplements from the human world. Hugh said kindly, "Amanda, take all of these to your grandparents and tell them I said hi." I stared at the pile that nearly reached my height and sighed inwardly.

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I'd planned to head straight to the Arctic after Isnesh, but now it looked like I'd have to make a detour. "Thank you, Hugh," I said with a smile. "I'll make sure everything gets there safely." That afternoon, I left the castle with those gifts and headed toward the woods outside town. Once I was sure no one was around, I dropped my disguise. The alpha wolf spirit inside me stirred restlessly. Silver-white fur rippled across my skin as my bones shifted with faint cracking sounds. Within seconds, a sleek silver wolf stood among the trees. Alice's voice rang in my mind, full of excitement.

"Finally, we can stretch our legs! The Arctic wind is 1/2 19:46 Tue, Dec 30 G Chapter 122 Isnesh, Here I Come calling us!" 52 +30 Free Coins I wagged my tail and launched forward, sprinting through the forest like an arrow released from its bow. In wolf form, my speed far surpassed any human's. The wind howled past my ears, carrying that crisp, icy scent unique to the Arctic. Three hours later, the familiar outline of my homeland appeared in the distance. The Glacier Pack's base was hidden deep within a snow-covered valley.

Around it were frozen lakes, their edges lined with frost-tipped iceblooms, the sacred flower of our pack and the source of our wolf spirit's energy. From afar, I spotted Grandpa standing outside the ice dome, dressed in a heavy fur coat and leaning on a cane carved with the Arctic Pack's crest. "Grandpa!" I shifted back into human form and ran into his arms. His familiar cedar scent and steady alpha aura surrounded me, filling

me with warmth. "I missed you so much." He patted my back, pretending to be calm, though I could see the joy in his eyes. "You finally remembered to come home, huh?"

I was starting to think you'd forgotten me." Grandma stepped out behind him, smiling, holding a steaming bowl of iceroot soup. "Come inside, dear. It's freezing out here. Have some soup and warm up." and I took Grandpa's arm and grinned playfully. "Grandpa, how can you say that? I think about you Grandma all the time! How have you both been? Eating on time? Sleeping well? Most importantly, did you miss me?" Grandpa huffed proudly, though a smile tugged at his lips. "We're doing just fine. It's you I'm worried about. It's been months since we last talked.

Have you thought about what we discussed before? How are things going with those Ortega boys? If one of them catches your eye, just tell me, I'll-" 2/2 19:47 Tue, Dec 30
Mark

Chapter 123 Bonds and Balance Amanda's POV: 252 +30 Free Coins Grandpa hadn't even finished speaking when I quickly interrupted. But he didn't back down; his eyes turned serious. "Amanda, don't interrupt me. You're a pureblood Alpha of the Glacier Pack. By tradition, you should've already chosen your mate. An Alpha's wolf spirit needs a mate's energy bond to stay fully stable. If you keep delaying, will Alice be affected?" "Grandpa, don't worry." I smiled to calm him. "While staying with the Eclipse Pack, Alice has become a lot more stable." "Really?" His eyes lit up.

Grandma leaned closer, her face full of hope. "Yeah." I nodded. Images flashed through my mind: Emily's nonstop chatter, Jennifer's gentle reminders, and that reckless kiss from Ziecson. "I used to think only a mate's bond could stabilize a wolf spirit," I said softly. "But lately, I've realized friendship can bring strength too. I met great friends at school. With them by my side, I feel grounded, and Alice's energy has become much steadier." That was only half true. Friendship did help, but what truly calmed Alice was that accidental skinship with Samson.

Alice snorted inside my head, "Please, give credit where it's due! That kiss between two Alphas created a short-term bond. That's what really stabilized me." My face heated up. I quickly shoved the memory away-the warmth of his lips, the scent of pine, the way our Alpha energies collided and blended. After that night, Alice really did settle down. Even when my claustrophobia kicked in inside the elevator, she managed to keep my wolf spirit under control 'so no one found out who I was. But that was something I could never tell Grandpa and Grandma, They were already hoping I'd find a mate soon.

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If they knew one accidental kiss had calmed my wolf spirit, they'd probably start planning how to set me up with Samson right away. "That's wonderful!" Grandma grabbed my hand, her eyes glistening. "So that means there's another way to stabilize your wolf spirit besides finding a mate? Then we don't have to worry so much!" Grandpa let out a relieved laugh. "Exactly. As long as you and Alice are healthy and strong, that's

all that matters. I won't pressure you about finding a mate. Let things happen naturally." Warmth spread through my chest. I leaned against Grandma's shoulder and grinned.

"I knew you two loved me the most." Then my tone shifted. I looked at Grandpa seriously. "By the way, Grandpa, how's the pack doing lately? Is anyone still causing trouble?" Ever since my parents passed away, I had carried the title of future Alpha of the Glacier Pack. And ever 1/2 19:47 Tue, Dec 30 G Chapter 123 Bonds and Balance since then, there had been voices against me. +33 Free Cons Some of the branch alphas thought I was too young and that an orphan was unfit to lead the pack. Their tests and challenges never stopped. Grandpa's gaze darkened as he patted the back of my hand.

"As long as I'm still here, those people can't stir up much trouble," he said firmly. "You just focus on what you need to do. I'll keep an eye on the pack." He paused, then added, "When your wolf spirit was unstable, we told everyone you went to Eastveil for a year-long exchange. That excuse bought us some time. They'll gossip behind your back, but they won't dare act openly." I nodded; a bitterness rose in my chest. My parents had died suddenly when I was little.

After that, I became the youngest future Alpha the Glacier Pack ever had, burdened with more responsibility than most adults could handle. I had to train my wolf spirit, learn to manage the pack, and survive constant doubt and scheming. If it weren't for Grandpa's protection, I probably wouldn't have made it this far. Alice's voice whispered softly in my mind, "No matter what happens, I'll always be with you." "Grandpa, thank you for everything." I wrapped my fingers around his rough, calloused hand. His palm felt weathered but strong, the kind of strength that could hold up the world.

"When I get back from the Isnesh Pack and finish my task on hand, I'll return to help you." "Take your time," he said with a gentle smile. "Right now, your priority is to take care of yourself. Keep Alice steady. This pack is your strength, not your cage. Whatever path you want to walk, go for it. I'll always have your back." That night, I stayed up late chatting with Grandpa and Grandma. Most of it was simple family talk, but they reminded me again and again to be careful in Isnesh, not to trust strangers easily, and never get involved in other packs' fights. I promised I would.

But deep down, I already had another plan, one far more dangerous. This trip to Isnesh wasn't just for interpretation work. It was also to uncover the truth about the past and find out what really happened to my parents. 19:47 Tue, Dec 30 G. Mark

Chapter 124 A Token of Love Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins After helping Grandpa and Grandma clean up after dinner, I climbed the old wooden stairs to the third floor, the room I'd grown up in. The moment I opened the door, it felt like time rewound back to my childhood. A giant poster still hung on the wall. The girl in it wore a silver battle suit, standing tall on the Arctic peak with the Glacier Pack's crest glowing behind her. At the bottom, bold letters spelled one name-AVI. I turned toward the storage room.

When I opened the door, shelves packed with digital albums and posters came into view. Those were limited editions from years ago. Grandpa had kept every one of them safe for me. I ran my fingers across the glossy covers, remembering how Emily used to say she loved Avi's songs and how Derrick once mentioned collecting my albums. Smiling to myself, I pulled out a few, grabbed a marker, and signed each one with a smooth "Avi." "Consider this my thank-you gift for everything they've done lately," I whispered, setting the albums gently on my bed. Just then, the door creaked open.

"Amanda!" Grandma stepped in, holding a small red box. I quickly set the albums aside and greeted her with a smile. "Grandma, it's late! Why aren't you asleep yet?" She came closer and opened the box. Inside lay a handmade amulet, its stitching fine and neat—it was clearly her own work. "Amanda, I got this amulet for you," she said softly. "There's Arctic icebloom inside. It can strengthen your wolf spirit and keep you safe." She tied it around my wrist with careful hands. The red cord shimmered faintly, carrying a cool, calming scent.

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Alice sighed in my mind, "Grandma's love works better than any high-grade stabilizer." Grandma's eyes softened with tears. "We're getting old, and you're the one we worry about most," she said, stroking my cheek. My throat tightened. I threw my arms around her and held her tight. "Don't say that, Grandma. You and Grandpa will live long and healthy lives! I'll take care of myself and message you often. When I'm back from the Isnesh Pack, I'll spend more time with you both." Grandma brushed her hand through my hair, her eyes glistening. "All right, I'm old enough to understand things.

The truth is, I came to ask you for a favor to look for my family." It was the first time I'd ever heard her talk about her family, so I asked curiously, "Grandma, do you still have relatives from your side of the family?" She nodded. "I have a younger brother, Fabian Water." Her fingers traced the silver locket around her neck as her gaze drifted off. "He was still a boy when I left home—only ten. I haven't seen him since. It's been so many years, and I don't even know if he's doing well.

A while back, one of our old neighbors said his family moved to the Eclipse Pack long ago." 1/2 19:47 Tue, Dec 30 G Chapter 124 A Token of Love 52 +30 Free Coins My heart stirred. I instantly understood what she wanted. "Tell me, Grandma. What do you need me to do?" years but She sighed softly. "I don't want much. I just want to know if he's okay. I've worried about him for never had the courage to go back. If you have time, please help me find out about him. You don't have to meet him in person; just knowing he's safe is enough." "Don't worry, Grandma!" I squeezed her hand tightly.

"Once I'm back from the Isnesh Pack, I'll look for Uncle Fabian in the Eclipse Pack. If I hear anything, you'll be the first to know." Her smile warmed my heart as she patted my hand. "Good girl. I'll leave it to you, then." She said no more and just gently closed the door behind her. So Grandma had her own hidden worries too. Once this mission was done, I had to make sure she got peace she'd been waiting for. the The next morning, I

said goodbye to my grandparents. Before leaving, I stopped by a cross-pack delivery service and mailed my signed album to Ortega Castle.

The package was addressed to Emily and Derrick. Emily truly loved my music. As for Derrick ... 4 Mark

Chapter 125 Call Me Sara Amanda's POV: Let's just say this is my way of thanking Derrick for what he did in the elevator that day. \$30 Free Coins After leaving the Glacier Pack's forest zone, I found a quiet corner and changed my disguise. I wiped off the dull, waxy makeup I'd used to look unattractive and switched into a sleek black trench coat. A touch of light makeup reshaped my features, making me look like a normal corporate traveler, just another face in the crowd. From my bag, I pulled out an ID card.

The name printed across it read "Sara Cobbett." It was a backup identity I'd prepared for special missions like this. No one knew "Sara" was me-except Grandpa and Theo. Samson's POV: The airport announcement echoed over the speakers, calling passengers to board. I took the passport and boarding pass from my assistant. I checked the time. Only twenty minutes left before takeoff. "Have you contacted the interpreter? When will she arrive?" I asked. "I called several times, but no one answered." My assistant's tone was uneasy as he handed me his phone.

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"This is the number she left." I frowned slightly and dialed the number myself. After two rings, a low, husky voice answered. "Hello." "Hi, is this Sara?" I asked, lowering my tone. "Where are you right now? Have you reached the airport?" "Yes, this is Sara. Mr. Ortega, I'm already at the airport," she replied, her voice steady and professional, without any hint of emotion. "Good," I said firmly. "Come to Gate 153. My assistant will upgrade your seat.

We can go over the brief during the flight to make sure everything goes smoothly when we land." This deal involved the advanced energy field; one wrong word could cost us millions. And for some reason, I wanted to meet this mysterious interpreter who supposedly spoke the Isnesh dialect fluently. "Understood. See you soon." The call ended. I stood by Gate 153, scanning the crowd. In less than three minutes, a tall, slender figure appeared. Her chestnut hair was loosely tied back, a pair of dark sunglasses hiding most of her face.

She wore a fitted gray outfit, simple, but the elegance in her posture gave her away. Every move she made was calm, confident, and quietly powerful. "Hello, Mr. Ortega," she greeted, her smoky voice carrying a hint of a smile. I looked up at her. I couldn't see her eyes behind the glasses, only the smooth curve of her jaw and the faint lift of her lips. 1/2 19:47 Tue, Dec 30 J Chapter 125 Call Me Sara Rising to my feet, I offered my hand politely. "Hello, Ms. Cobbett." 52 +30 Free Coins Her skin was cool to the touch and strangely familiar.

The sensation pulled at something in the back of my mind. That touch. It felt almost the same as when I'd held Amanda's wrist in the elevator. My fingers tightened instinctively before I quickly let go. I studied her for another moment. The sunglasses covered her eyes, but her features—her straight nose, calm expression, and composed air—were entirely different from Amanda's youthful innocence. I must be imagining things. Amanda should be back at the Glacier Pack by now, visiting her grandparents. There was no way she'd show up here, disguised as an interpreter.

Pushing that thought aside, I spoke softly, "It's an honor to meet you, Ms. Cobbett. I hope we'll work well together in the days ahead." "Looking forward to it," she replied. Soon, we boarded the plane. I leaned back in my seat, glancing at her as she gazed quietly out the window. That same sense of familiarity returned, stronger this time. Who was she, really? And why did she make me feel like I already knew her? Maybe this trip to Isnesh wasn't just about business. Maybe it would help me solve this mystery. 2/2
Mark

Chapter 126 I Smell Blood in the Air Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins After more than ten hours of flights and layovers, I finally landed in Isnesh. My eyelids felt so heavy I could barely keep them open. As the only one in the team who spoke the native language, I had to stay sharp and communicate with the local guide the moment we arrived. From arranging airport transfers to checking into the hotel, I handled everything in that complicated language. By the time I collapsed onto the soft hotel bed, my body had finally given in, and I fell into a deep sleep.

The Isnesh region was eight hours behind Eclipse, and it took me a whole day to adjust. By the third morning, I finally felt normal again. The moment I opened my eyes, my phone buzzed with a message from Samson. "Ms. Sara, meet me in the hotel lobby at 8 a.m." I texted back, "Got it." Then I jumped out of bed, washed up, and got ready. I put on a black business suit, tied my chestnut hair into a neat low ponytail, and added thin-framed glasses for good measure. In the mirror, the woman staring back at me looked professional and sharp—nothing like Amanda at all.

Alice teased in my mind, "Nice disguise. Even if Samson stood nose-to-nose with you, he wouldn't recognize who you really are." I smiled faintly, rubbing the small charm on my wrist for luck, and took a deep breath. Today was the start of our official collaboration. No mistakes allowed. At exactly eight, I walked into the hotel lobby. Samson and his assistant were already waiting. Samson looked calm and powerful in a black suit, the silver wolf crest gleaming on his cuff under the light. His Alpha aura filled the air, calm but commanding. "Ms.

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Cobbett!" his assistant greeted me warmly and handed me a printed schedule. "Here's today's plan. You'll need to interpret throughout the entire day. It's the main negotiation with Isnesh's energy field representatives, so the workload will be heavy. Will that be okay for you?" I glanced through the list. "No problem. I'm ready." We got into the van

and headed straight to the mining zone. During the ride, I gave a quick briefing about the Isnesh region, sticking to general facts and avoiding anything too sensitive.

"You seem to know quite a bit about Isnesh," Samson said, turning his head toward me. His tone was calm, but his eyes studied me closely. I smiled faintly. "Back in college, I got hooked on an Isnesh fruit called the Isenberry. It was so good that I started reading about Isnesh culture. As for learning the language, that was just an elective. You could earn extra credits for picking a rare one." 1/2 19:47 Tue, Dec 30 Chapter 126 I Smell Blood in the Air +30 Free Coins Samson raised a brow. "I can tell. You must've been a straight-A student." The woman in the mirror looked about twenty.

By the academy standards in Howlstead, that meant I'd graduated early. "I started school early and skipped two grades," I explained evenly. "So yeah, I entered college ahead of most people my age." The future Alpha of the Glacier Pack had to go through elite training; skipping grades was normal. "What school did you attend?" he asked. "Northveil Academy. I majored in Stellune Translation and minored in Wolf-Spirit Energy Basics," I replied, using the background I'd prepared in advance while watching his reaction carefully. Samson nodded, a flicker of surprise crossing his face.

"That's funny, I studied at Westveil Academy. Double major: Wolf-Spirit Energy Management and Cross-Guild Negotiation." Westveil Academy was an elite institute exclusive to the Eclipse Pack. It was as prestigious as Northveil. I'd read that in his file long ago. I followed his words with a compliment-warm and natural, without sounding fake or forced. "Impressive. Getting into Westveil is no easy feat. You're the real high achiever here, Mr. Ortega." He gave a calm, modest smile. "Ms. Cobbett, you're quite a smooth talker.

No wonder you're a professional interpreter." We kept the conversation casual after that. Half an hour flew by. When the car finally rolled to a stop, we'd reached the Isnesh Pack's First Energy Field. The air was heavy with the sharp, sulfur-like scent of refined energy crystals. Beneath it, just faintly, a metallic tang of blood. Alice's voice echoed in my mind, sharp and alert, "That's the Blackwolf Pack's scent! Something's off here. Watch your back!" 2/2 Mark

Chapter 127 The Sweet Trap Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins At the entrance of the energy field, the Isnesh Pack's reps were already waiting. As soon as our car stopped, they lit a long string of firecrackers. It was their traditional way to welcome important guests. "This is a local custom," I quickly explained to Samson. "Energy firecrackers not only show respect but also help stabilize the alpha's aura at the scene." When the loud crackling finally ended, Samson opened the door and stepped out. The representative greeted us with a bright smile and a firm handshake. "Welcome, Mr. Ortega.

I'm Kadyn Blythe, head of the Isnesh Energy Field. We're honored to have you here for the project inspection." I interpreted smoothly, "Mr. Ortega, this is Mr. Blythe, the director of the energy field. He welcomes you on behalf of the Isnesh Pack" Samson reached out, his voice steady and professional. "Thank you for waiting, Mr. Blythe. I

hope this partnership brings a win-win result for both Eclipse and Isnesh." I interpreted word-for-word, and Kady's smile deepened. He gestured politely. "Mr. Ortega, please follow me.

We've prepared a detailed map showing the energy veins." I stayed focused the whole time, interpreting every sentence clearly, making sure both sides understood each other perfectly. The discussion went smoothly. Soon, it was lunchtime. The local officials had already arranged a restaurant for us. I whispered as we walked in, "Mr. Ortega, the food here is on the sweet side. You might not be used to it." Samson leaned closer and said softly, "I've spent some time down south before. I should be fine." But once the dishes came, the sweetness hit us like a sugar bomb.

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Everything-the sauce, the soup, even the meat-tasted like dessert. After taking his first bite, Samson barely took another bite. Sitting beside him, I could see the quiet endurance in his eyes. Halfway through dinner, I excused myself to the restroom. On the way back, I stopped at the front desk and asked for a bottle of chilled energy yogurt-a local specialty here. It contained a mild wolf-spirit stabilizer that helped ease both greasy food and light alcohol burn. "Mr. Ortega, have some yogurt," I said, handing it to him.

"Once this meeting wraps up, I can take you somewhere that serves spicier food." He took the bottle, his fingertips cool against mine. "Thanks," he said quietly. As the cap twisted open, a faint milky aroma mixed with energy particles filled the air. He lifted it and drank more than half in one go. The tension in his brow finally eased a little. Drinking was practically mandatory at Isnesh. Kady and the others kept raising their glasses, offering 1/2 toast after toast.

The fruit wine looked clear and sweet, but its kick was brutal. It was made from lumigrape, a native fruit that carried a low-level energy pulse. Too much of it could stir up an Alpha's wolf spirit and cause dizziness. "Mr. Ortega, that wine's stronger than it tastes. Maybe slow down a little," I warned softly. He waved me off, calm and confident. "It's just fruit wine. I'll be fine." Then he downed another glass. By the time the dinner ended, his cheeks were flushed. His eyes had gone slightly unfocused. Even his words were starting to slur. "Mr.

Ortega, are you okay?" I asked, hurrying to his side. From my bag, I pulled out a small tin of cooling mints-a Glacier Pack's remedy my grandpa had given me. They were infused with icebloom petals and worked great for sobering up. "I'm fine," he muttered. His voice was a bit wobbly, but he was still trying to hold onto his composure. He took the tin, popped two mints into his mouth, and the icy taste seemed to bring him back-just a little. We got into the car. His assistant started the engine, driving toward a restaurant known for Eclipse-style dishes.

Samson leaned back in his seat, eyes closed, face still burning red. I sat beside him, debating whether to hand him some water. Then I heard a low groan. A second later, the sweet smell of fruit wine mixed with the heavy scent of dinner filled the air. He had thrown up on himself. ue, Dec Mark

Chapter 128 Overtime Amanda's POV: I frowned as the staff helped the half-drunk Samson into the elevator. The memory of that kiss from the last time he was drunk flashed in my head, and I shuddered. Thank goodness the staff was here to help. If I had to hold him up again, who knew what kind of mess would happen next? Alice's voice echoed in my mind, full of mischief. "Serves him right! Now he knows not to act so tough You're way too kind; you should've just left him in the car." I rolled my eyes. I was here to earn money, not make enemies.

If I left him out there and delayed the schedule, I'd be the one paying for it later. The next morning, I stepped out of my room and almost bumped right into Samson. He was already back to his usual self, dressed in a sharp dark suit, face calm and serious. No trace of the blush or drunken mess from last night. "Morning. Mr. Ortega," I greeted quickly. His eyes lingered on me for a few seconds, like he was trying to read something, then he said quietly, "Morning." That sharp look in his eyes made me uneasy. Did he notice something?

Inside the elevator, just as the doors closed, he suddenly spoke. "Sara, thank you for bringing me back last night." Then he pulled out a check and handed it to me. "This is for your trouble." I glanced down and nearly choked. 200,000 dollars. Wow. Samson really was loaded. He gave 200,000 dollars just like that. I shook my head quickly. "No need, Mr. Ortega. It was nothing, really." Samson's eyes darkened, and when he spoke again, his voice carried a chill. "I don't like people turned me down," he said flatly.

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He paused for a beat, then added, "And I'd prefer if no one else knew what happened last night." So this is hush money? I stood there thinking for a few seconds before finally taking the check. Only a fool would refuse that much cash. Besides, the Glacier Pack could always use the extra funds. "Thank you, Mr. Ortega," I said calmly. "You can rest assured, I won't tell anyone a thing about last night" He finally relaxed, giving a faint nod. "Good." 1/2 19:47 Tue, Dec 30 J Chapter 128 Overtime 952 +30 Free Coins When the elevator doors opened, I stepped aside politely and let Samson go first.

Watching his tall, steady back, I quietly slipped the check into my bag; that hush money was way too easy to earn. For the next week, I followed Samson and the Isnesh Pack's reps through endless meetings. Day after day, by the time the sessions ended, I was completely drained. The moment I hit the bed, I was out cold. Finally, on the seventh day, both sides signed the cooperation agreement. Seeing Samson and Kadyr put their names on the contract, I let out a long sigh of relief. My mission was finally over. I could finally go home! "Mr.

Ortega," I asked eagerly, "should I book our flight for tomorrow?" I couldn't hide the excitement in my voice. But Samson replied calmly, "We'll head back in two days. Tomorrow, you're coming with me somewhere." "Huh?" I blinked, surprised. "Mr. Ortega, our work's done. How about I go home first, and you stay here to enjoy your vacation?" I really didn't want to tag along. Who knew what might happen if I did? He stopped walking. Samson turned to me and said lightly, "Without an intérpreter, how would I even have fun?" I had no words. So, he had realized how useful I was.

I rolled my eyes internally but quickly switched to a cheerful grin. "Alright then, two more days it is. But this counts as overtime, right?" He looked at me and raised a brow. "Are you short on cash?" I nodded right away. Of course I am! Who on earth ever had enough money? Samson's tone didn't change. "Then I'll pay you by the hour." I beamed. "Deal, Mr. Ortega!" The next morning, I got up early and waited. But it wasn't until noon that Samson finally contacted me. I couldn't help but complain, "Mr. Ortega, didn't you say we'd go out this morning?"

What took you so long?" In my head, I grumbled. Do you know how many hours of overtime pay I just lost? He must've read my mind, because a faint smirk tugged at his lips. "If I let you wait a few hours, I save some money." I almost exploded. Typical greedy capitalist! But on the outside, I kept my sweetest smile. "So, where are we going today, Mr. Ortega?" He didn't answer. Instead, he called a cab and handed the driver his phone with the address on the screen. The car pulled away, destination unknown.
2/2 19: Tue, Dec 30 Mark

Chapter 129 Stone Gambling Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins The cab stopped at the corner of an old street. The moment I stepped out, a thick mix of dust and mineral smell hit my nose, making me cough. Shops and booths lined both sides of the narrow road, piled high with stones of all shapes and colors. The rocks stacked up like small mountains. So this was where Samson had brought me, the famous Stone Gamble Street in Isnesh Territory.

There was a saying in the world of stone gambling, "One cut makes you rich, another makes you broke." "We're here to buy stones?" I asked, watching Samson walk toward a booth. I was confused. He was the future Alpha; he could easily get any advanced energy crystal he wanted. Why come to a place like this just to gamble on luck? "Just looking around," he said calmly, his eyes already fixed on a fist-sized rock. The surface was rough, dark gray, and full of cracks. It looked like an ordinary piece of junk. "Ask how much it is." I stepped forward and spoke to the stall owner.

The man looked us up and down, then named a price that made my jaw drop. "This beat-up rock costs 8,000 dollars?" I blurted out. Before I could argue, Samson lifted his chin slightly toward the seller. "I'll take it. Buy it for me." Money really meant nothing to him. He spent it without even blinking. As his hired interpreter, it wasn't my place to argue. I turned back to the stall owner and started bargaining. After ten minutes of back-and-forth, I got the price down to 7,500 dollars. When I finally held the heavy stone in my arms, I couldn't help but sigh. What a waste of money!

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Alice's voice echoed in my head, teasing, "Rich people are wild. 7,500 dollars for a cracked rock? He could've bought you ten premium frostheart crystals with that!" I strongly agreed, but all I could do was hug the stone and follow quietly behind Samson. For the next half hour, Samson went full-on shopping mode. He bought 5 more stones in a row, the prices ranging from 5,000 to 20,000 dollars each. Some looked smooth and shiny, while others were full of holes. I watched him swipe his card again and again. My heart aching with every purchase.

He spent tens of thousands of dollars just like that! "Mr. Ortega." I finally couldn't hold back anymore. "What are you even planning to do with all these rocks?" My arms were so full of stones that I could barely see in front of me. He didn't answer. His eyes just flicked toward the pile I was holding before he started walking toward a small shop across the street with a sign that read Stone Cutting. "Let's open them all," he said calmly. Inside, the place was packed with people-tourists and traders crowded around cutting tables, their eyes glowing with that familiar gambling thrill.

1/2 19:47 Tue, Dec 30 J Chapter 129 Stone Gambling 052 +30 Free Coins The shop owner spotted us and came over with a friendly grin. "Those aren't from my shop," he said in a thick local accent. "We charge a service fee-1,000 dollars per stone." Samson didn't even blink. He simply handed over his card. "Go ahead and charge it," he said. I sighed and began handing each stone to the cutter one by one. The crowd gathered closer, whispering in a mix of Isnesh slang and the common trade language. I caught bits and pieces. Most people said these stones didn't look promising.

None of them seemed likely to hold any energy cores. The cutter picked up the first piece, the one Samson had bought for 7,500 dollars. He turned it over and over in his hands and shook his head a little. "How should I cut this?" he asked. Before I could interpret, Samson spoke up, firm and sure. "Start from the left. Slice it straight down the middle. I repeated his words for the cutter, who nodded and set the stone in place. The machine whirred to life. Sparks and stone dust flew everywhere as the blade bit into the surface, the shrill screech of cutting filling the room.

Everyone held their breath. I clenched my fists without meaning to-most likely it was just junk, but I couldn't help hoping for a little miracle. 19:47 Tue, Dec 30 JG. Mark

Chapter 130 The Final Cut Amanda's POV: \$2 +30 Free Coins With a sharp crack, the stone split cleanly in two. The cross-section was plain and dull-no shimmer, no trace of a glowing crystal core, just another useless rock. A sigh rippled through the crowd, and someone even chuckled. I couldn't help but feel bad. There went 7,500 dollars straight into the trash. I let out a quiet sigh. No wonder people said if you won once in ten tries, you were considered lucky. The cutter glanced at me with sympathy. "Miss, do you still want to keep cutting?" I looked toward Samson.

His expression didn't change a bit. He acted like the wasted cash wasn't his, like he was watching someone else's stone get trashed. "Keep going," he said flatly. I nodded helplessly. It wasn't my money on the line anyway. Alice muttered in my mind, "I really hope this one pays off. Otherwise, that's a lot of money down the drain." I took a deep breath, watching the cutter work again, curiosity slowly replacing disappointment. Why was Samson doing this anyway? Was he doing this to test his luck, or was there something hidden inside these stones?

One after another, the next three stones turned out worthless too. Not a hint of green, not a glimmer of energy crystal. The onlookers had already lost interest, and I couldn't help sighing again. "There's one more left. Open it too," Samson said calmly, his eyes fixed on the last rough stone. No hesitation at all. I thought about it and urged, "Mr. Ortega, maybe we should stop here. We haven't hit anything good. People might laugh if we keep wasting money." He turned his head, scanning the crowd, then asked lightly, "Do you know anyone here?" I blinked and shook my head.

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"No." "Then why care about their opinions?" he said, a faint smirk on his lips. "Even if they laugh, it won't matter; they don't know who we are." Okay, that actually made sense. I had to admit, Samson's thick-skinned confidence was something worth learning. Alice burst out laughing. "Haha! This person's mindset is next level!" 1/2 19:48 Tue, Dec 30 G 52 Chapter 130 The Final Cut +30 Free Coins The cutter moved the last stone onto the machine. I picked up the stone; it felt heavier than the one I carried earlier. Same size, but twice the weight. Could there really be something inside?

The cutter had just started the machine and was about to slice through the middle when Samson suddenly stopped him. "Wait!" he said sharply. "What's wrong?" I asked, my heart jumping a little. He pointed to the lower right corner of the rock, his tone firm. "Tell him to start cutting from the lower right side. Slowly." I quickly repeated his instructions to the cutter. The man looked confused but nodded and adjusted the blade's position. The whir of the saw softened as he lowered the speed. Bit by bit, stone dust peeled away.

The crowd that had started to leave turned back, drawn by curiosity. Then, just a few inches in, a flash of deep green gleamed from the cut. "It's green! It's green!" someone shouted. The whole shop exploded with noise. People rushed forward, pressing in so tight we could barely move. My eyes lit up. I leaned closer to take a good look. That green was rich, smooth, and glowing, brighter than any emerald I had ever seen. The cutter's hands trembled with excitement. He worked even more carefully now, shaving away the stone bit by bit. The patch of green grew wider and darker.

"It's emerald!" someone cried. The crowd roared even louder. "I've worked this street for years," an old man said, awe in his voice. "Never seen an emerald being cut out before! I can't believe I'm witnessing it today!" "Yeah, but it's only a few inches deep," another muttered. "Let's see how big the piece is; a small patch isn't worth much." Their chatter

buzzed around me, but I was frozen in place, stunned. Emerald! In Howlstead, that kind of gemstone was priceless.

Not only was it perfect for luxury jewelry, but it was also said to contain rare stabilizing energy that could calm an Alpha's wolf spirit. Its value was beyond imagination. Alice practically screamed inside my head, "Oh my gosh! We hit the jackpot! 20,000 dollars for a rock, and it turns out to be an emerald? That's few hundreds times profit!" Just then, someone turned to me and asked, "Miss, is this stone yours?" 2/2 19:48 Tue, Dec 30 J Mark

Chapter 131 Free Lunch Amanda's POV: I quickly shook my head. "This stone isn't mine. It belongs to our Alpha." +30 Free Coins The older man turned to Samson with excitement in his eyes. "Sir, will you sell it to me? I'll pay triple." 60,000 dollars. My jaw nearly dropped. Samson had bought that stone for only 20,000 grand; he flipped it and made 40,000 dollars in seconds. Money was falling from the sky! I looked at him, silently praying he'd take the deal. This was an easy win.

But Samson just gave the man a calm glance and said, "Sorry, this stone isn't for sale." The man was unwilling to give up. "Sir, listen. So far, you've only revealed a small patch of green. You don't know what's inside yet. If you sell it now, you'll walk away safe and rich. But if the rest of it turns out worthless, you'll lose big. The emerald inside might not even be worth half that much." Samson ignored that man; he simply turned to the cutter. "Keep going. Carefully. Follow the edge of the green." I sighed and passed on his order.

The cutter nodded, adjusting his tool with trembling hands. Bit by bit, he worked through the rough stone. The green patch widened, glowing under the lights. Four inches in, the full outline emerged, a flawless emerald the size of a palm. Pure, flawless, with an even color and smooth, glowing luster. You didn't have to be an expert to know it was top-tier. "Wow! More green!" "That must be AAA emerald! Top grade!" "I've worked here for years and never seen one this pure!" "This guy's luck is insane. He just hit the jackpot!" The crowd exploded.

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Even the cutter stopped to stare, eyes wide in disbelief. "Congratulations, sir," he said, almost reverently. "This is the finest emerald I've seen in all my years. I know a few jewelry companies who'd pay top dollar for something like this. Would you like me to introduce them?" I interpreted the man's words for Samson. He nodded slightly and said, "If the price is right, I might consider selling." The moment I repeated that, the crowd went wild. Several eager buyers rushed forward, talking over each other to make offers. "30 million! I'll pay 30 million for it.

Can you sell it to me?" 1/2 19:48 Chapter 131 Free Lunch +30 Free Coins "I'll offer 35 million!" "I'm from a jewelry company. I can offer 38 million. Please consider us!" One man added, slipping Samson his business card with both hands. The bidding frenzy built fast. After a moment, Samson finally spoke, calm as ever. "50 million. If you can

meet that, the stone's yours." That buyer froze for a few seconds, then said, "Please hold on, I need to call my boss." When the crowd heard Samson quote 50 million, everyone went silent for a second, then gasped in shock. 50 million.

For a single piece of rock. That number alone was enough to blow people's minds. I stared at the stone under the light. Just two hours ago, it had been a dull chunk of rock sitting in a dusty box. Now, it was worth 50 million dollars. And I-of all people-had witnessed that miracle happen right in front of me. "Sir, it's a deal!" the buyer said after hanging up the phone, his voice trembling with excitement. "Our headquarters agreed. Let's sign the contract immediately. The accountant will transfer the funds right away!" Samson turned to me with that calm, composed look of his. "Ms.

Cobbett, I'll have to trouble you to draft the contract." "Of course!" I replied quickly. Within minutes, the paperwork was done, the signatures were in place, and the money had been wired. Once everything was settled, Samson and I stepped out of the noisy shop and into the cool evening air. After a moment, I said, "Mr. Ortega, I have to admit. I kind of admire you." He looked back at me with a faint smile. "You flatter me, Ms. Cobbett. It was just luck." I hurried after him. "Then maybe you could teach me how to pick stones like that?" He arched a brow. "Oh?

You're interested now?" I nodded fast. "Of course! Anything that makes money interests me." Samson chuckled, his voice teasing. "We're not exactly close. And I had paid a generous fee for your work. If you want to learn the art of stone gambling, shouldn't you be paying me?" I sighed inside. I should've known. In this world, there was no such thing as a free lunch. 2/2 19:48 Tue, Dec 30 G Mark

Chapter 132 Coincidence Amanda's POV: 52 +30 Free Coins I clenched my jaw and stared at Samson. "How much is the tuition? Just name it. If I can afford it, I'll pay for it." Learning the tricks behind stone gambling was worth any price. I'd earn it back ten, 100 times over later. He raised an eyebrow, his tone light but teasing. "Do I look like I'm broke to you?" I choked. Fair point. He wasn't just the next Alpha of the Eclipse Pack-he'd casually made 50 million crystal stones without blinking. Like he'd ever need my money. That set off warning bells in my head. I narrowed my eyes.

"Then what do you want?" Did he already figure out who I was and plan to take advantage of it? My wary look amused him, a faint smirk curving his lips. "What do you think I want?" I was stunned, then shook my head. "Easy," he said bluntly. "I'll teach you stone gambling's tricks. In exchange, you teach me Isnesh until I can talk fluently." "That's all?" My eyes lit up. Total win for me. Teaching a language was a walk in the park compared to paying tuition. He nodded, and I grinned. "Deal. Easy." It was way better than spending a single coin. Samson leaned back slightly.

"Then you'll tutor me on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays every week until I'm fluent." My brain short-circuited. "Three times a week? All the way until mastery?" That meant I'd have to keep meeting him as Sara. That was too dangerous. What if I slipped up? "Can we do it twice a week?" Samson thought for a bit, then said, "No problem. But

each session is at least an hour." "No problem!" I agreed quickly. As long as my disguise held, I was safe. "Since that's decided, start teaching me stone gambling. We're here anyway, so might as well use the chance," I said, eager to learn the trick.

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He shook his head. "Not today. We'll stay one more day and come back tomorrow." 11 I was about to ask what the point of waiting was, but one look at his serious face shut me up. Fine. I'd go, 1/3 19:48 Tue, Dec 30 Chapter 132 Coincidence along with it. An extra day meant more pay anyway, so no big deal. "So what now? Going back?" He gave me a half-amused, half-tired look. "Are you not hungry?" 212 +30 Free Coins Right then, my stomach growled. I rubbed it and laughed. "There's a well-known food street nearby-tons of shops and restaurants in one spot.

Want me to take you there?" He nodded in agreement. Twenty minutes later, we were at Isnesh's busiest commercial street. Both sides were filled with colorful buildings and stores packed with local crafts. The smell of spices and food filled the air. The place was buzzing with people. "This street is loaded with specialties," I said while we walked. "Cajun gumbo, roasted lamb ribs, lobster mac and cheese, spiced sausages, hummus with flatbread. All super popular. What do you want?" "Cajun gumbo," he said flatly, already eyeing a restaurant with a steam sign.

I blinked and reminded him, "You know Isnesh's version uses their local chili, right? It's insanely spicy. Are you sure?" "Yeah. Let's try it." He walked in first, leaving me outside. I shook my head. He had once drunk fruit wine till he puked. And now he wanted to test his spice tolerance? The servers greeted us warmly in perfect Isnesh and led us to a private room upstairs. I was about to ask what he wanted when he beat me to it.

"Roasted lamb ribs, lobster mac and cheese, spiced sausages, and hummus with flatbread." Without thinking, I repeated, "I want roasted lamb ribs, lobster mac and cheese, spiced sausages, and hummus with flatbread!" We both froze. Samson's eyes widened for a second before he laughed. "I didn't expect we'd order the same thing." I chuckled awkwardly. "Yeah. Total coincidence." Alice teased, "Maybe you're meant to be. Even your food matches!" I replied instantly, "Oh, stop it. Just a coincidence." Our dishes came out fast.

The lamb ribs were crisp and golden, covered in spices and red chili flakes, smelling way too good to resist. I'd always loved spicy food. The Isnesh Cajun gumbo hit hard but in the best way. I didn't hold back. Flipping through the drink list, I suggested, "Their pomegranate smoothie is awesome. It's a local specialty. No added sugar, super healthy, and perfect for cooling off. 2/3 19:48 Tue, Dec 30 J G Chapter 132 Coincidence Samson waved me off. "Cola for me." 2:52 +30 Free Coins "Carbonated drinks aren't good for you. Try some juice instead," I nudged.

In the Glacier Pack, we took the diet's impact on the wolf spirit seriously. I'd built healthy habits as well. "Cajun gumbo with a cola is unbeatable," he said, serious and not taking

no for an answer. I couldn't argue, so I gave in. Our drinks arrived, and we dug in. We chatted a bit, mostly about Isnesh pronunciation basics. It was relaxing. I was happily eating when heavy footsteps pounded outside the window. A shout cut through the street noise. "Stop that thief!" Mark

Chapter 133 Thief Amanda's POV: 151 +30 Free Coins I instinctively glanced out the window. The street below was chaotic. A fair-skinned man in a dark coat was chasing a tanned man clutching a brown wallet. People around didn't help-some ducked, some stared. Nobody moved to stop him. The thief was about to dart past the restaurant downstairs. I stood up, ready to intervene, but a warm hand pressed my wrist. I looked up. Samson signaled me to stay put, then leaned on the second-floor railing and jumped. Bang! He landed perfectly, smooth and steady, completely unbothered by the height.

Before I could even react, he sprinted after the thief like a gust of wind. In a few steps, he grabbed the guy's wrist, and a sharp tug made the thief yelp as he hit the ground hard. I rushed downstairs, but a waiter blocked me, jabbering in Isnesh. He seemed worried I'd get hurt. I pulled out my wallet and handed him a stack of Isnesh coins. His face lit up, and he stepped aside. By the time I hit the street, a crowd had gathered around Samson and the thief. The fair-skinned man ran up, panting and cursing, "You thief!

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You actually picked me!" He was about to kick, but the thief still clutched the wallet tightly. "Thanks for the help. I've called the enforcers. They'll be here soon," the man said in the common language, full of gratitude. Samson replied in an Eastern language, "We're both from the east. No need for thanks." The man blinked, then lit up. "Oh, a fellow! Thank you, man. I didn't expect to meet anyone from home here in Isnesh Pack." Samson glanced at the struggling thief and muttered a few words in Isnesh, telling him to hand over the wallet. The thief refused, stubborn and unafraid.

"Give me the wallet, or you'll regret it!" the man snapped, red-faced, grabbing for it. The thief bit him hard. "Damn!" the man hissed, pulling back. Samson squinted, gave a quick flick with his foot, and the thief went down. The wallet popped out with a slap. Ignoring the pain, the thief scrambled up and darted through the crowd, disappearing around the corner in seconds. The man grabbed the wallet, flipped it open, and exhaled. "Thanks a ton. It's not the money-I've got my ID and interpack pass in here. Losing them would make getting back to Northveil a nightmare.

Isnesh 1/2 19:5 Tue, Chapter 133 Thief Pack embassy is way too far, and getting new ones would take forever." "No problem," Samson replied, calm as ever. 430 Free Coins The man pulled out a goldstamped card and handed it over. "Here, take this. I'm Flynn Hunt, Alpha of Northveil's Haclarn Pack. If you ever need anything up north, just let me know." Samson took it, glanced at the crest, and showed a flicker of surprise. "Alpha of

Northveil's Haelarn Pack? I've heard of them lot." Haelarn Pack had a ton of influence up north and was famous for its energy crystal trade.

Seeing the heir here was totally unexpected. Flynn waved it off, then studied Samson closely. His eyes brightened. "Wait, you're Mr. Samson Ortega, one of the Eclipse Pack heirs, right?" His tone carried respect. "People all over Howlstead talk about your moves. That energy field deal with Isnesh Pack is legendary." "That's me," Samson said with a slight nod. "Running into you here feels like fate." "Fate? Nah, just luck!" Flynn laughed, friendly and genuine. "Next time I'm in the Eclipse Pack, I'm dropping by to pick up some tips." Right then, Flynn's phone rang.

He answered quickly, said a few words, and then turned back. "Mr. Ortega, I've got something urgent. I've got to go. See you when we cross paths again." "See you." After seeing Flynn off, I followed Samson upstairs to the second floor. The food was still hot. We ate and talked some more, and it felt way more relaxed than before. Once we finished, we left the restaurant. We'd barely reached the corner when a group of tanned men with wooden clubs surrounded us. The one at the front was the thief who had gotten away earlier. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 134 Do You Race? Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins A dozen tanned men surrounded us, their faces twisted with malice, the stench of cheap energy clinging to them. They were low-level werewolves from the Isnesh Pack-weak on their own, but strong in numbers. The thief in front rubbed his stomach where Samson had kicked earlier, full of hate. He gave a dark signal. "Get them! Beat them to death!" Samson and I exchanged glances and instantly fell into rhythm, backs touching as we scanned the crowd. Alice's voice rang sharp in my mind, "Amanda! Don't show your Alpha power! Just back him up.

Let Samson handle it. The sigil is barely hiding your aura!" I gave a short nod and curled my hands into fists till my nails dug into my palms. I had to fight without using my wolf spirit energy. "What do you want?" I called out in Isnesh, raising my voice to distract them while checking for any openings. They didn't bother answering. One of them came straight at me, swinging for my face. I dodged and swept my leg out, catching another guy offbalance. He stumbled to the side. Right then, Samson blurred past me and kicked one square in the gut. Bang!

The man flew back several steps and doubled over, groaning and clutching his stomach. Alpha strength hit differently. Even while ducking another wild swing, I couldn't help a flicker of admiration. Those low-level werewolves were built like tanks-slow, heavy, and full of brute force. I could handle one or two, but with so many, it was only a matter of time before something slipped. "This isn't working. We need a way out!" I said as I dodged another punch, edging closer to Samson. The onlookers had long since cleared out. Nobody wanted any part of it.

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If we kept fighting, the Isnesh Pack enforcers would show up, and we'd only make things harder to explain, "Yeah," Samson grunted, landing a quick blow before the word even faded. Crack! Blood smeared across the guy's mouth, and a tooth went loose. Samson was fast, every strike clean and precise. His wolf spirit aura rolled out thick and heavy like thunder. The men froze for a heartbeat, fear flickering across their faces. Still, seven or eight of them came at us again, shouting and swinging from all sides. I stopped playing defense and timed a strike.

I hit the inside of one man's wrist just hard enough to make him drop his club, but not enough to blow my cover. 1/2 19:51 Tue, Dec 30 GF. Chapter 134 Do You Race? 151) +30 Free Coins He yelped, weapon clattering to the ground. I flicked it up with my toe and kicked it straight into another man's knee. It bought us a second to breathe. "I didn't expect you could fight that well, Mr. Ortega," I said, meaning it. Samson glanced back, his eyes sharp and piercing. The intensity of his stare made my chest tighten.

He lingered on my face for a few seconds and frowned, like he was pondering something carefully. "Why're you looking at me like that?" Heat crept up my neck. I dodged a blind hit and quickly changed the topic. He tore his gaze away, something suspicious flickering in his eyes. He didn't answer. Instead, completely out of the blue, he asked, "Ms. Cobbett, do you race?" 2/2 19:51 Tue, Dec 30 J G Mark

Chapter 135 Are They Connected? Amanda's POV: My heart skipped. I almost gave myself away. Race? Why would he bring that up now? Alice shrieked, "We're doomed! He's catching on! Deny it! Whatever you do, deny it!" +30 Free Coins I shoved the panic down and forced a small, clueless smile. My tone stayed flat. "You must be kidding. I'm just a translator. What would I know about racing? I don't even have a normal driver's license." As I spoke, I slowed my movements on purpose. I dodged the next swing like it actually took effort, leaning into the helpless act.

Samson's POV: For a second, the way Sara twisted aside and the tightness at her jaw looked exactly like that mystery racer who once raced me. That girl drove like a pro, her eyes blazing with an unbreakable spirit. Sara, though she tried to act weak, dodged too smoothly-far beyond what I'd expect from a typical translator. Could they be the same person? The thought spread fast, impossible to shake. I studied her face, trying to look past the sunglasses. The shape of her nose and jaw overlapped that girl's. But her answer sounded steady. She said she didn't even have a license.

It didn't sound like a lie. "Oh. Just wondering." I forced the doubt down and threw one last punch, sending the final man to the ground. The rest were either huddled up in whine or already running off. The street was left with just the two of us. "Let's go back to the hotel." I turned, but the suspicion clung tight. The racing girl was fast, sharp, and anything but ordinary. And Sara? Sara knew too much about the Isnesh Pack, fought better than she should've, and even had the same outline and habits. Was that a coincidence? Back at the hotel, I sent my assistant away and made a call home.

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"Run a full background check on Sara. I want everything-her history, hobbies, everything since childhood." "Yes, Mr. Ortega." After hanging up, I stared out the window at the glittering Isnesh lights. A mocking smile tugged at my lips. 1/2 19:51 Tue, Dec 30 J G. Chapter 135 Are They Connected? What was wrong with me? 430 Free Coins I couldn't believe how obsessed I'd gotten just because I ran into someone who looked a little like her. I was digging for answers like I'd lost my mind. But the racer girl's eyes and the way Sara dodged my questions kept my suspicions alive.

That split second of panic when she heard the word "racing"? She hid it quickly, but I caught it. My Alpha instincts were always perceptive. If Sara was that racer, then why was she getting close to me? Was it just a translation job, or was there more to it? Amanda should be in the Glacier Pack right now. Still, Sara gave off a familiar vibe, something that reminded me of Amanda. There was a spark of recognition. Were these two somehow connected? I rubbed my forehead. My thoughts were all tangled. Whatever. Once I figured out who Sara really was, I'd have my answers.

Night fell, and the Isnesh Pack's lights flickered like a thousand watchful eyes. I had a feeling that the "simple translator job" was covering something bigger. Sara, the mysterious translator, had to be the key. Waiting for the report dragged on forever. I sat on the couch, drumming my fingers on the table and running over every detail about Sara. Her smoky voice, the tiny habits she had, how well she knew the Isnesh Pack, and the way she moved in that fight. More doubts kept popping up. I was almost sure by now that Sara wasn't what she appeared to be. 2/2 19:51 Tue, Dec 30 Ge. Mark

Chapter 136 She Chooses Two Stones Amanda's POV: 451) +30 Free Coins The next day, I went with Samson back to Stone Gamble Street. This time, he took a different alley. There weren't many raw stones here-just a few tiny workshops scattered around. Nothing like the busy main street. "Why are we coming here?" I asked curiously. The main street had way more stones and options. This place didn't look impressive. Samson explained, "Not many people come this way. We might find better pieces here." I nodded and followed him into a small stone shop. He said, "You choose first.

Pick anything that catches your eye. Just practice." I nodded again and stepped inside a tiny workshop at the end of the alley. The light was dim. Raw stones of all shapes and sizes were piled in corners. The owner, an old Isnesh man with gray hair, sat at the door polishing a pebble. He barely looked up and said in stiff common language, "Feel free to look around." I walked around, letting my fingers brush over the stones to feel their weight and texture. Finally, I picked two palm-sized ones-one with faint bluish veins, the other inky black and heavy.

"Hey boss, how much for these two?" I asked in Isnesh. He sized me up. He probably figured I was new, because he threw out a price casually. "It's 200 thousand Isnesh coins for the left and 350 thousand for the right." My heart skipped a beat. Those prices were crazier than anything on the main street! I was about to bargain when he waved me off, annoyed. "Our stones come from proper energy fields. Better chance of an

emerald inside. If you're just browsing, go elsewhere. Don't waste my time." He clearly thought I couldn't pay and tried to drive me out.

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I bristled but didn't want to be the fool. I tugged Samson's sleeve and turned. "Forget it. We'll check around." The old man's mocking voice followed, "These days, you see all kinds." I didn't glance back and just headed straight into the workshop across the street. That one was even quieter. The owner was dozing behind the counter. Dust coated the raw stones on the shelves, like they hadn't been touched in forever. "Mr. Ortega, what do you think about this place?" I whispered, feeling unsure. Samson glanced around and said, "Check it out first. Pick two to try." There it was again.

I grumbled silently but still wandered around. The owner noticed us and suddenly TUR 1/2 19:51 Tue, Dec 30 J Chapter 136 She Chooses Two Stones +30 Free Coins perked up, cheerful and welcoming. "Right this way! We've got good stuff. Pick whatever you like. He walked me through several kinds of raw stones, explaining everything from their origins in the fields to their textures and characteristics in great detail. I listened carefully and compared what he said with how Samson picked last time.

Eventually, I settled on two-one rough with uneven cracks, and another gray-green one that felt surprisingly heavy for its size. "Boss, can you open these two for me?" He blinked, skeptical, probably shocked to get orders on such a slow day. Then he nodded quickly. "Are you sure? We need payment first." I didn't think twice and swiped my card for 100 thousand. It wasn't expensive, but a small test compared to what Samson had spent before. "Alright, I'll have our stonecutter handle them. No extra charge!" The owner looked excited.

He called the stonecutter from the back and added, "Take it easy." The stonecutter was a middle-aged guy with rough, steady hands. He rinsed the stone, set it on the grinder, and locked it in place. The motor kicked on. Screeching filled the room. Dust peeled off bit by bit. I felt nervous. Sure, I'd said I could take a loss, but I still hoped for at least a little emerald. Alice muttered, "Please let it be something, or that 100 thousand is gone for nothing." But as the grinder ate through the weathered surface down to the core, the inside stayed a dull gray.

No emerald, not even a hint of color. The owner's face dropped. Sweat ran down his forehead. He looked mortified. "Uh... want to try the other one? Maybe that one's got some green." I shrugged and smiled. "Yeah. Go ahead with the next one." That was stone gambling-nine losses out of ten. I was ready. The stonecutter switched to the gray-green stone. This time, he was extra careful. He didn't grind right away. Instead, he chipped off the outer layer with a small chisel. The owner stood nearby, fists clenched, whispering Isnessh prayers under his breath.

I held my breath, eyes glued to the raw stone. Its weight felt strange-maybe it really had something inside. Samson stayed quiet behind me, but I could feel his curious gaze on

the stone. The chisel dug in, peeling away the gray-green rind. A darker layer showed underneath. Suddenly, the stonecutter froze, like he'd hit something unusual. He looked at the owner, eyes wide in shock. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 137 Frostspirit Sapphire Amanda's POV: "What... what is that?" the owner stammered, his voice trembling. 4151) +30 Free Coins The stonecutter didn't say a word. He grabbed a plain kettle of water and dribbled some over the raw stone. As the water slid over it, a rich, icy blue started to seep out. It wasn't emerald green or the usual glint of an energy stone, but a deep blue streaked with frost-like lines. Under the light, it glimmered faintly, echoing the chill that pulsed from the frostheart crystal on my wrist. The owner's eyes widened. He gasped sharply. "This ...

this is-" My stomach twisted. I instinctively gripped the frostheart crystal in my pocket. That color, those patterns -it had to be Glacier Pack's rare "Frostspirit Sapphire"! It only grew in frozen pools buried deep in the glacier lands, packed with pure ice energy. It was top-tier for keeping an Alpha's wolf spirit steady and supposedly extinct for years. So why was it in a raw stone from the Isnesh Pack? Before I could think further, Samson's low, tense voice cut in. "What kind of gem is that?" I glanced over. His eyes were fixed on the deep blue raw stone, studying it intently.

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A flicker of something unreadable crossed his expression. The owner was bouncing around, too excited to speak clearly. "We hit the jackpot! Miss, I know top jewelers. I can get this sold for a fortune! Are you interested?" I shook my head firmly. "No. I'm keeping it." It came from the Glacier Pack. It could hold answers about my parents' deaths. There was no way I was letting it go. Plus, Frostspirit Sapphire was amazing for stabilizing the wolf spirit. For me and Alice, it was worth more than any money. The owner looked crushed but stepped back, clicking his tongue at the stone.

"I know a raw-stone workshop with top-notch skills. They can keep most of the stone's energy intact," Samson said, his tone still carrying that quiet weight. "I can connect you if you want." He didn't take his eyes off the Frostspirit Sapphire, sharp and thoughtful, like he was tracing its origin. "Thanks, Mr. Ortega!" I said quickly, but a little alarm bell went off in my mind. Did he realize where it came from? The Eclipse Pack and Glacier Pack had crossed paths before. After tucking the Frostspirit Sapphire away, I couldn't resist teasing him. "Mr. Ortega, do you have X-ray vision?"

How did you know this stone would pay off? You even got the grinding right." 1/2 19:51 Tue, Dec 30 G Chapter 137 Frostspirit Sapphire +30 Free Com He gave a mysterious smile and shrugged. "That's why I'm the mentor and you're the apprentice? Guys always liked keeping people guessing. He added, his voice turning serious, "But remember, stone gambling is mostly luck. Don't rely on it to make a living. If you get hooked, it'll cost you." "Relax," I said with a grin. "I'm not stepping into places like this unless you're with me.

There are plenty of ways to make money without risking it." Also, next time, there might not be anyone to bail me out, and I could lose big. A flicker of approval crossed his eyes. "Fun is over. Time to go home." I nodded, already thinking ahead. Theo hadn't found anything solid on the Blackwolf Pack in Isnesh territory. But now that we'd found the Frostspirit Sapphire, maybe it was time to change our approach. If I traced where the stone came from, I might finally uncover the truth. That afternoon, Samson and I flew back. After landing, I waved goodbye. "Mr.

Ortega, I hope I get to learn more from you." He raised an eyebrow, smiling. "You'll get your chance. I still need your help with my Isnesh language." I couldn't stop myself from smiling. "Got it, Mr. Ortega. I'll give it my all. Mondays and Wednesdays online, right?" I waved until he disappeared from view. Just as I turned to leave, something on the ground caught my eye—a fallen ID. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 138 A Gift for You Amanda's POV: 351) +30 Free Coins The second I touched the card, I realized the photo on it was of Samson. Those sharp features, that cold profile—it was definitely him. I ran after him, holding the ID. "Mr. Ortega, you dropped this." He paused, patting the inside pocket of his suit. A flash of surprise crossed his eyes. He took the ID and gave me a quick thanks. "Thanks, Ms. Cobbett!" "You're welcome. See you," I said politely. My eyes caught the birthday line by accident—April 6. Today was April 3. His birthday was just a few days away.

I watched him vanish into the VIP section, then made my way straight to the airport restroom. I locked a stall and ripped off Sara's disguise. I washed off the light makeup, swapped in a paler foundation, added freckles, and tied my chestnut hair into a messy low ponytail. Then, I changed back into my hoodie and jeans. The girl staring back in the mirror was the plain, uggo Amanda again. Alice sighed. "Every time you switch disguises, it's like prepping for battle.

Honestly, I'm impressed you've kept it up this long." I forced a small smile at the mirror, checked for mistakes, grabbed my bags, and left. Before going back to the Ortegas, I stopped by the parcel station to pick up a package. It had some local treats from the Glacier Pack, plus the limited edition Avi albums I'd saved for Emily and Derrick. Arms full of bags, I stepped into Ortega Castle. A servant rushed over to take the packages, and Hugh's voice came from the living room. "Amanda! You're back! I missed you while you were gone." "Hugh!" I hurried over and handed him the tea.

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"My grandparents asked me to bring this. They know you like it. And these Glacier Pack goodies are full of natural energy ingredients—good for the wolf spirit." Hugh set the paper down, his face crinkling with a laugh. "Wonderful! Amanda, how were the past few days at home?" "All good!" I stuck out my tongue, a little shyly. "A bit tired from the trip. They also said hi and invited you to visit the Glacier Pack when you can." "Nice! It must've been a long ride. Go rest upstairs. Beata will call you for dinner later." I nodded and headed up.

Passing Derrick's room, I paused-I hadn't given him the album yet. So I knocked. The door swung open fast. Derrick's eyes lit up. "Amanda, you're back?" 1/2 19:52 Tue, Dec 30 J G 51 Chapter 138 A Gift for You +30 Free Coins "Yeah, just got in." I handed him the signed album. "You said you liked Avi. This is a limited edition from my collection. It's yours." He flipped to the signed page and saw the big "Avi" signature. His voice shook with excitement. "You actually have this? It's impossible to find.

I've tried everywhere!" Usually so composed, Derrick looked like a kid who had just gotten his favorite toy, eyes wide with joy. I rubbed my head, a bit embarrassed. "Glad you like it. I'll head back to my room." Derrick suddenly called after me. "Wait, Amanda." "What's up?" I asked, curious. O "You gave me such a rare album. I don't have anything to give you back. How about I take you to dinner sometime?" I was about to say no, but he looked so hopeful, like a cat that had finally mastered begging. Alright, it was just a meal. No big deal. "Okay.

Sure." "I'll swing by your school then." He exhaled, grinning ear to ear. I turned around and went into my room. Once I dropped my stuff, I grabbed my phone and texted Emily, attaching a photo of the album. "Babe, I've got a gift for you. Want it?" Emily asked, "What kind of gift?" She sounded chill at first. But the moment she saw the photo, she totally lost it. "Oh my god, that's my idol's album! I can't believe you have so many-and it's complete! I'm seriously jealous! "Wait-you mean this is the gift? I love you so much! "Are you back in Alexandria?

Hold on, I'm coming over!" "Can you maybe chill a bit?" "Nope! See you soon!" Watching her go crazy, I could only shake my head and type back, "Okay." I set my phone down, grabbed some clean clothes, and jumped in the shower. Even if she took a cab, it would be at least an hour-perfect time for a quick rinse. But just as I finished drying my hair and stepped out, there was a knock at the door. 2/2 19:52 Tue, Dec 30 G Mark

Chapter 139 Her Dream Amanda's POV: Emily's loud voice rang from the doorway. "Amanda! Open up! I'm here!"

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Chapter 140 We're in the Same Class Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins Early the next morning, Derrick's car pulled up to Ortega Castle right on schedule. We didn't say much on the way. When we got to the training camp, I had barely opened the door when he called out, "I'll swing by after class this afternoon. Dinner is on me tonight." He added, "Remember what I promised last time? Hope you won't say no." Since he said it like that, I just nodded. "Alright. See you later." I waved and started walking when a familiar shout rang out. "Amanda!" Jennifer and Clara came running, one on each side.

Jennifer planted a big kiss on my cheek, cheerful as a sparrow. "Amanda! I missed you so much!" Clara gave Jennifer a gentle nudge. "Calm down a bit. Keep it classy!" Then, she faced me with a warm grin. "I told you I'd transfer to your training camp. Everything

is done. From today onwards, we're classmates." "Not just classmates-same class!" Jennifer chimed in, her eyes sparkling. "I can't believe it! We actually got put together! Now we can go to class, sit together, and head back home together!" I froze for a second, a little shocked.

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"You two aren't kidding, right?" Usually, each pack trained its Alpha heirs separately, and mid-transfer was super rare. Seeing them actually come here for me hit me in a way I didn't expect. They exchanged a look and said together, "Relax! We're serious." The three of us walked to the classroom, laughing and chatting. Sunshine fell over us, warm and soft. At the classroom door, Jennifer and Clara said they'd find the homeroom teacher first and told me to grab my seat. I had just sat down when Emily slid over curiously. "Hey, Amanda, who are those two?"

I saw you come in with them." Remembering she hadn't met Clara and Jennifer before, I smiled. "They're my friends. I'll introduce you soon." Emily kept digging. "They don't seem like they're from our camp. How do you know them?" I was about to answer when the homeroom teacher walked Clara and Jennifer in. The classroom went quiet instantly. "Everyone, these are our new transfers-Jennifer Sadler and Clara Walker. They're the Alpha heirs of Silvermoon Pack and Polar Pack, respectively. Let's give them a warm welcome. I hope you all help them 1/2 19:52 Tue, Dec 30 G.

Chapter 140 We're in the Same Class settle in and get along." As soon as the teacher finished, the class exploded into applause. "It's weird. Why are Alpha heirs from those packs here?" "And they're both female Alpha heirs. They look so cool." \$1 +30 Free Coins "But I heard their path to leadership isn't easy right now." Whispers floated around me, but I stayed quiet, just watching them up front with a proud smile. Jennifer stepped forward, grinning. "I'm Jennifer from Silvermoon Pack. Happy to meet you all." Clara followed, smiling warmly. "I'm Clara from Polar Pack. I'm excited to be here.

I hope we can all get along." The teacher had them sit right behind me. When class ended, they moved their chairs closer, and we huddled to chat. Emily lingered for a moment, then quietly came over. "Amanda, you guys knew each other before?" I quickly introduced them. "This is Emily Wood, my best friend." Jennifer reached out first. "Hi, Emily! Nice to meet you. You're super cute! You were amazing at helping Amanda handle those rumors last time." Emily blushed a bit, reaching back. "Hi! You guys are awesome, too.

I really respect any girl who's an Alpha heir." Watching them laugh and click instantly, I hooked my arms through both their elbows. "From now on, we're a squad of four. I'm glad we met. Let's study together, challenge each other, and grow." The three of them exchanged a look and smiled. I could feel our friendship starting to take shape. And inside me, my wolf spirit felt calm and stronger than ever. 2/2 19:52 Tue, Dec 30 JG.
Mark

Chapter 141 Dinner Invitation Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins After training ended that afternoon, Derrick was already waiting by the car. The second he saw me, he stepped forward. "Here, let me carry your backpack." "No thanks." I dodged his hand and opened the door myself, sliding into the passenger seat. He gave me a quick look but didn't argue, then went around to the driver's side and got in. Starting the engine, he said, "I reserved a new foreign restaurant for tonight. The head chef is from Westveil. He's amazing with energy meals. I'll take you to try it." I just nodded.

Derrick stayed quiet after that, and the car felt kind of ... still. When we arrived, a grand building in a classic style towered in front of us. Crystal chandeliers sparkled in the evening light. The doormen, dressed perfectly, guided us inside with flawless manners. The moment we stepped in, I froze. The hall was completely empty. Only a soft violin melody floated in the air. He'd obviously booked the entire place. "Sit here for a bit. I'm going to the restroom." Derrick pulled out my chair by the window like it was nothing. I didn't think much and sat down, unlocking my phone.

A message from Samson lit up the screen. "Ms. Cobbett, don't forget our first Isnesh language lesson at eight tonight." It hit me. It was Monday. We'd scheduled that lesson long ago. I quickly sent back an okay sign and was about to put the phone down when Derrick returned. "Amanda, want a drink? Maybe wine?" He sat across from me and gestured to the waiter. "Anything is fine," I said casually, though my brain was already running through tonight's lesson. I needed to prepare the basic Isnesh grammar and keep Sara's raspy voice steady so I wouldn't mess up.

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Derrick's eyebrows lifted with a small grin. "You've got class tomorrow, right? I'll get you some fresh energy juice-it's good for stamina." "Sure. Thanks." I nodded, my eyes drifting toward the window. It was two hours till eight. I hoped dinner would wrap up fast. We sat across from each other. It wasn't exactly awkward, but something felt off. I toyed with the bread on my plate, wishing I could just finish and leave already. Alice teased, "Kinda weird, huh?"

Private dinner, special juice-he's totally setting the mood." 1/2 19:52 Tue, Dec 30 J
Chapter 141 Dinner Invitation I ignored her and silently begged for the night to move faster. +30 Free Coins Halfway through the meal, the lights suddenly went out. Darkness dropped over us. I flinched and gripped the utensils tightly. "What's going on?" "It's fine. Don't panic." Derrick's calm voice came through the dark. "Probably just a line check. Lights will be back soon." I exhaled slowly and tried not to think too much. A few minutes later, a warm glow crept back in, and my eyes went wide.

The empty hall was now packed with bright red roses, stretching from our table to the entrance. The air was thick with their scent. The violin music had turned soft and romantic. What was that? Before I could process it, Derrick stepped over, grabbed the biggest bouquet from the pile, and came toward me. His walk was steady, his eyes focused. Then, right in front of me, he went down on one knee, lifting the roses high.

"Amanda, I've been waiting a long time for this." I just stared, completely shocked. Was I seeing things? What on earth was Derrick doing? 2/2 19:52 Tue, Dec 30 G Mark

Chapter 142 His Love Confession Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins "Amanda, I like you! I know this might seem sudden, but I can't keep it in anymore. So I'm saying it now- will you be my girlfriend?" The light hit the dew on the rose petals, making his eyes shine with extra seriousness. But staring at him, I felt nothing, not even a tiny spark. Honestly, the whole thing just felt ridiculous. I pursed my lips and tested him. "You're kidding, right? It's not April Fool's. This isn't funny." "Amanda, I'm serious. I really like you. Please, just give me a chance.

Let me take care of you." Derrick's voice rushed out, shaky and tense, like he was scared I'd turn him down. But I knew exactly what kind of "liking" that was. He'd seen my face without makeup, probably got shocked, and mistook that moment of attraction for real feelings. That wasn't love-it was just impulse. Besides, I barely knew him. Who knew what he was actually like? A random confession like that only made me want to get out of there fast. "Sorry, I think you misunderstood." I pursed my lips, stood up, and turned toward the door. "I've got things to do.

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I'm leaving." "Amanda!" Derrick jumped up and blocked me, grabbing my wrist tight. "I mean it-I really like you. Please don't reject me." His hand was warm on my skin, but I yanked free immediately, forging my voice to stay calm. "Sorry. This is too sudden, and I don't feel that way about you. So the answer is no." I pushed past him and headed for the exit fast. I knew if I stayed any longer, he'd say something even worse. His footsteps followed close behind, and I broke into a run. My heart pounded as I bolted out of the restaurant. On the street, I waved for a taxi, still shaken.

Alice grumbled, "Unbelievable! Confessing like it's a race and then grabbing your wrist? No respect at all. Good thing you ran, or who knows what he'd try next!" "Exactly!" I muttered. "He scared me half to death. What's wrong with him?" I just wanted to have dinner and repay the favor. How did it turn into that mess? A taxi stopped. I jumped in, told the driver to head for Ortega Castle, and fell the seat. 1 19:52 Tue, Dec 30 Chapter 142 His Love Confession I could tell when someone truly liked me.

+30 Free Coins There was only urgency and a desperate need to win in Derrick's eyes-no real warmth at all. That kind of "affection"? I neither wanted it nor dared to accept it. When the car stopped at Ortega Castle, I paid and walked inside-only to bump into Samson coming home. He was wearing a black suit. Seeing my blank look, he raised a brow. "What's with that face? You look spaced out." "I'm fine." I shook my head quickly, avoiding his eyes. No way I was telling him I'd just turned down his brother. That'd be beyond awkward. He clearly didn't buy it, but he didn't push either.

His gaze lingered on me for a second before he turned away. We walked in together and went straight to our rooms. Once my door clicked shut, I finally let out a long breath,

leaning against it with my thoughts spinning. We lived under the same roof and saw each other every day. I'd just rejected Derrick. How was I supposed to face him now? Just imagining it made my skin crawl. Alice sighed. "Face him? Easy. Act normal. You don't like him anyway. He's the one who should feel awkward." I shook my head helplessly and sat at my desk, trying to calm down. But my phone buzzed.

It was a message from Samson. "Ms. Cobbett, are you there?" 2/2 19:52 Tue, Dec 30 GE. Mark

Chapter 143 I Don't Like You Amanda's POV: I couldn't help but grin when I saw Samson's message pop up on my phone. < \$1) +30 Free Coins He was always tied up with Eclipse Pack business or company stuff and usually didn't get back to Ortega Castle until really late. The fact that he came home early today meant he was serious about learning Isnesh. I texted back, "I'm here. Get ready. Let's start in five minutes." After sending it, I grabbed the Isnesh basics unit I'd prepped earlier and set up everything for the lesson. Once it all looked good, I began teaching Samson.

An hour flew by before I knew it. I stretched and rubbed my sore throat, realizing that teaching wasn't easy at all. I had to explain things clearly and stay in sync with my student's pace. I stood up, picked up my cup, and went downstairs to grab some hot milk for my throat. The moment I turned the corner by the stairs, I nearly ran into Derrick. My heart skipped a beat. My first thought was to act like I didn't see him and walk away, but he caught my wrist. "You really don't want to see me?" "What are you doing? Let me go!" I snapped, trying to pull back.

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After what happened last night, I didn't want any more awkward run-ins with him—especially not alone. "Amanda, I mean it." His tone was serious, and his eyes were stubborn. "I'm not playing around. I really like you. Can you at least think about it?" "I already told you—I don't like you," I said slowly, pulling my hand again. "Please stop saying things like that." His stubbornness was starting to get under my skin. Feelings couldn't be forced. It just didn't work that way. "Are you rejecting me because you like someone else?" he pressed on, his gaze locked on mine, refusing to let go.

I was about to deny it when I noticed a figure on the stairs. Samson had shown up at some point, an empty cup in hand. He watched us with a calm, unreadable expression. Derrick noticed him as well. He instantly dropped my hand, and the tension in the air disappeared as he put on his usual cool expression. I felt a wave of relief. I stepped back, gave them both a small nod, and hurried toward the kitchen. Staying any longer would've made things even more uncomfortable.

Samson's POV: 1/2 19:52 Tue, Dec 30 J G Chapter 143 I Don't Like You X51 +30 Free Coins I'd just finished our Isnesh lesson and went downstairs for some water-only to spot Derrick grabbing Amanda's wrist. Her face showed resistance and frustration, trying to pull away. She looked trapped and uneasy, like a rabbit backed into a corner.

I'd already guessed Derrick had feelings for her. Since the preliminaries, he'd been way too focused on her. Now, seeing him straight-up confess and push like that, I found that he was more reckless than I thought.

When he asked if she liked someone else, my hand clenched a little around the cup. A flicker of irritation crept in for no reason. O Amanda's refusal was crisp and direct without hesitation. That surprised me and oddly made the irritation fade. As soon as Derrick saw me, he backed off immediately and let go of her. She left fast, like she couldn't get away soon enough. Even her back looked tense. Now it was just the two of us in the living room. The air felt heavy.

I strolled over to the dispenser, poured myself some warm water, and took a sip before saying slowly, "Guess you've got a thing for her, huh?" 19:52 Tue, Dec 30 J Mark

Chapter 144 Happy Birthday Samson's POV: 4 51 +30 Free Coins Derrick remained expressionless, but his tone had that edge. "Since when do you care about me?" "I don't," I said, turning to face him. My voice stayed steady, but there was no room for debate. "Just a warning-don't mess with her. She's not someone you should be playing around with." Amanda's background was complicated. She was hiding too many secrets. Derrick's obsession would only drag her into danger and get him burned in the process. He gave a short, mocking laugh. "Who she ends up with isn't your call.

We'll see who wins." He'd never listened before, and now that he liked someone, there was no stopping him. My eyes narrowed as that faint Alpha's aura slipped out of me on instinct. The air grew tense instantly. "So you're really gonna keep pushing this, huh?" I didn't wait for an answer. I turned and walked away. Derrick was still too young. He didn't understand how deep Amanda's secret went or what kind of chaos he might start by messing with her. His stubborn attitude could destroy him and even ruin everything I'd planned.

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I still didn't know what Amanda's real goal was or what history she shared with Sara. I couldn't let Derrick's emotions mess up the bigger picture. The next morning, I stepped out of my room and almost bumped into Josh in the hallway. "Morning, Samson!" I was a little surprised. Josh was usually dead asleep till noon. "You're up early." "I had to give you this!" He flashed a grin and pulled out a black velvet box from behind his back. "Happy birthday! Take a look and see if you like it." Then it hit me-April 6. It was my birthday. I opened the box and saw a shiny car key inside.

It was for that limited-edition energy sports car I'd mentioned once. The engine even had a low-grade wolf spirit stabilizer. It was top-tier stuff in Howlstead. "This is your favorite one," Josh said, looking proud but also nervous. "The new model just came out. I had to pull some serious strings to get it." I smiled and patted his shoulder. "Appreciate it." Alan showed up then, calm as always. "Happy birthday, Samson." Josh looked at him, grinning. "Where's your gift? Don't tell me that's it." Alan's smile turned sly. "Relax.

You'll get it tonight." 1/2 19:52 Tue, Dec 30 Chapter 144 Happy Birthday "Ooh, secretive. Fine." Josh pouted but didn't press. +30 Free Coins We chatted on the way downstairs. The second we reached the living room, Amanda appeared on the staircase. "Boss, it's Samson's birthday. Did you get him anything?" Josh asked. Amanda froze for a second before blurting out, a bit awkwardly, "I ... forgot." Josh quickly tried to make it less awkward. "No worries. We're having a party for him tonight anyway. You can give him your gift then." She nodded.

"Okay." "Come on, I'll give you a ride to school," I said, breaking the silence and heading for the door. The drive was quiet. Neither of us said a word. When we pulled up to the school gate, she unbuckled, hesitated a moment, and then looked at me and said softly, "Samson, happy birthday." Her tone was light, but there was a touch of real warmth in it. The usual guarded look in her eyes had faded a little. I met her gaze and smiled. "Thanks. Focus in class, alright?" Amanda's POV: I waved Samson goodbye and walked into the training camp, but something felt strange.

The hallway that was normally full of chatter was unusually quiet. People passing by kept sneaking glances at me—curious, whispering, and maybe a bit jealous. Feeling puzzled, I went into the classroom. I had barely taken my seat when Jennifer and Clara popped up beside me, both yelling, "Amanda!" I nearly jumped out of my chair. "What's with you two?" Jennifer could hardly keep it in. She leaned closer, her voice buzzing with excitement. "Congrats!" Clara nodded, grinning. "Yeah, congrats!" I stared at them. "For what?" 2/2 Mark

Chapter 145 The Only Perfect Score Amanda's POV: Jennifer and Clara exchanged wide-eyed looks. "Wait—you haven't checked your score yet?" 7:51 +30 Free Coins "What score?" I asked, confused. I had just grabbed my phone when Clara nudged me. "Hurry! Log in with your exam ID! The results came out at ten last night. We thought you already saw them!" Oh, right—the competition! I didn't expect the results to be out so soon. With them staring over my shoulder, I logged in. As soon as the page loaded, two big words, "Perfect Score", popped up. I didn't even flinch. Honestly, I kind of expected it.

Alice yawned. "They're freaking out over nothing." O "Congrats, Amanda!" Jennifer clapped and cheered. "You're the only perfect score in the whole competition! That's insane!" Clara nodded seriously. "I'm impressed! Those national competition questions are made by top academic elders. It's difficult, like a high-level wolf spirit assessment. And you got a perfect score? That's unreal!" "Everyone, settle down!" Our teacher came in, beaming and barely able to hide his excitement. The classroom went quiet. He took a deep breath and announced, "The academic competition results are in!"

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Jennifer and Clara did well and earned awards. And Amanda was like a dark horse—she's the dark horse! She took first place nationwide with a perfect score! She's the first ever to get full marks in math!" The applause was deafening. The Werewolf Academic

Competition wasn't just about knowledge. It tested wolf spirit logic and reasoning, too. It was way harder than normal exams. A perfect score was rare, like hitting gold. Even with rumors spreading, everyone couldn't stop staring at me in awe. "Amanda, you're incredible!" Jennifer whispered, eyes sparkling.

"If my dad hears about this, he'll totally invite you to join our pack." She paused, then added some temptations sincerely, "If you join, you'd get the best academic resources. You could use the national competition wolf spirit training grounds anytime. It's way better than what you have here." I blinked and shook my head softly. "Thanks, Jennifer, but I can't join your pack for a few reasons." She looked a little disappointed but didn't push it. "Okay. My pack is always open for you anytime." After class, my desk was swarmed. For a moment, it felt like everyone adored me.

Later, after the afternoon training, I went to the teacher to ask for leave. I needed to pick out a birthday gift for Samson. But seriously, what should I even get him? 30T 51 +30 Free Coins Mark

Chapter 146 Run Into Her Amanda's POV: After searching the entire mall, I finally stopped in front of a shop called Silverfang Atelier. +30 Free Coins It was a famous high-end accessory store in Howlstead, known for pack-only pieces set with energy stones. The materials carried a faint wolf spirit energy-perfect for a top-level Alpha. A moon-pattern energy tie in the window immediately caught my attention. Woven from stellar silk, it had a subtle silver glow. It matched perfectly with a suit and could help steady an Alpha's restless wolf spirit. It was exactly what Samson needed.

I reached for it, but another hand grabbed it first. I turned and saw Michelle standing there with a confident, smug smile. "This moon-pattern energy tie is really one-of-a-kind," she said, rubbing the moon design like she owned it. "The Soulcalm Stone from Eastveil is super pure. If it's for Samson, it'll help balance his wolf spirit. He'll totally love it." Then, she looked at me with mockery dripping from her eyes. "I didn't expect to see you here. Eyeing this tie too?" I tried to ignore her, but her tone grated on me. "Ms.

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Gill, do you always snatch stuff from other people?" "Snatch?" She laughed lightly, full of scorn. "I got it first, and you're just a country Omega. Do you even know the craftsmanship at Silverfang Atelier? Bet you can't even recognize a Soulcalm Stone, let alone afford a limited edition like this." She deliberately raised her voice, drawing glances from customers and staff. The staff, clearly recognizing Michelle and knowing her connections to the Ortegas, hurried over with big smiles. "Ms. Gill, welcome again. What can we get for you today?"; They glanced at me.

When they saw me in my plain school uniform, their eyes went cold and dismissive, sizing me up like I was just some bystander. Michelle soaked up their attention, chin high, playing queen, "Amanda, friendly advice-don't hang on to people or things that aren't yours. Stop daydreaming about taking what's way out of your league. You don't

deserve to get close to Samson." I almost laughed. Ignoring her, I turned to the staff. "Do you have more of this tic?" One staff member hesitated. "We do ... are you buying it?" "How many do you have in total?" I asked, arching an eyebrow.

"It's a limited edition-only ten worldwide. We got lucky and got two," she admitted, sounding slightly impatient. 19:53 Tue, Dec 30 G

Chapter 147 No Makeup Changes Amanda's POV: \$1 +30 Free Coins Watching Michelle stomp off and slam the door, I held the two gift boxes from Silverfang Atelier, feeling nothing. Just a silly little victory in a pointless argument. I glanced down at the boxes and remembered Theo had mentioned wanting an energy accessory. I could give him the extra tie I bought. At least it wouldn't go to waste. That thought calmed me a bit. I barely made it to the mall entrance when my phone buzzed. It was Hugh. I smiled and answered, "Hello, Hugh. What's up?" "Amanda, are you busy?" His voice was warm.

"Not really. What's going on?" "Nothing major," he said. "After school this afternoon, someone will pick you up. Just go with them." I didn't overthink it and agreed. After training, a black car was waiting at the school gate. The driver came over quickly, bowing slightly. "Please get in, Ms. Lamb." "Where are we headed?" I asked. "To Mr. Tony's private styling studio," he said with a smile. "Mr. Hugh wants you to have the perfect look for tonight's birthday banquet. You'll turn heads." I let out a small laugh, but my stomach tightened. What if my real face showed?

At the studio, a stylish middle-aged man greeted me immediately. It must be Tony. He scanned me, eyes lighting up. "Ms. Lamb, your figure is excellent. This gown will really show it off. And your features are well-defined. Different makeup could look even better." He held up a blazing red mermaid gown. "How about this one? Top-tier stellar silk with tiny moonstones. Under the lights, it shimmers silver. It fits your shape perfectly. You'll look amazing." I stared at the bold dress and shook my head quickly. "Nope. I'm not suited to such bright colors." With my "ugly" face?

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Disaster waiting to happen if I wore that. Plus, it was way too attention-grabbing. I needed to stay low-key. Tony sighed and brought out a champagne-colored strapless gown. "What about this? It's elegant but understated, and it highlights your collarbones. With refined makeup, you'll look graceful." "No makeup changes," I said firmly. "I'll pick the dress. Keep it simple and nothing flashy." He hesitated. "If I tweak your makeup a little, it might look even better.

May I try?" 151) +30 Free Coins I declined, trying to stay polite despite the awkwardness. "No, thanks. Let's just change the dress." In the end, I chose a plain gown and kept it low-key for the party. By seven, the driver dropped me at Ortega Castle. The entrance was glowing with lights, and the air smelled like champagne and fresh flowers. I took a deep breath, lifted my hem, and stepped out. The moment I

entered the hall, elegantly dressed ladies surrounded me, all smiles. "You must be Ms. Lamb! You're so young and already have perfect scores. That's amazing!" "Ms.

Lamb, your connection with the Eclipse Pack Alpha is incredible. Mr. Hugh trusts you so much. Please look after our family in the future." They fluttered around, all flattery and networking. I kept a polished smile, answering everyone and leaning on my skill of telling people what they wanted to hear. Finally, I found a moment to breathe. I sat on a couch and nibbled on some pastries. Then, someone shouted from the crowd, "The Ortegas are here!" 9/2 Mark

Chapter 148 Please Accept It Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins Footsteps echoed from the entrance, and just like that, the noisy hall went quiet. Every head turned toward the doorway. Samson led the way, flanked by Alan and Josh, with Derrick bringing up the rear. Four young men in sharp designer suits walked in together, tall and commanding, the kind of presence only Alpha heirs carry. Everyone's eyes locked on them instantly. "The Eclipse Pack heirs really are something-each one more impressive than the last. Especially Samson.

I heard he just closed a deal with the Isnesh Pack and then made a fortune on Stone Gamble Street." "Alan is no joke either. As the werewolf ambassador, he managed trade between Eastveil and Westveil last month. Young, but capable." "Josh may be young, but his wolf spirit kicked in early. He's going places with huge potential." "As for that illegitimate one ... " The chatter paused at Derrick's name. Everyone knew he wasn't born into the main line and had a shaky spot in the pack. No one said more aloud, and the vibe shifted fast.

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"And don't forget Patrick!" someone else chimed in, a warm tone full of admiration. "He's one of Howlstead's top fashion designers. His stellar gowns can stabilize mid-level Alphas' wolf spirit swings. He's won international awards. The Ortegas are stacked with talent!" Hugh stood nearby, smiling as the compliments rolled in. He clasped his hands to the crowd. "All thanks to I sat tucked in a corner on a couch, half-eaten pastry in hand, my fingers a little cold. My eyes drifted to Samson. He wore a black suit with sharp shoulders, the silverwolf crest on his cuff catching the light.

His wolf spirit aura made people instinctively step back, but no one could look away. Just then, a clear voice rang out, "Samson!" Samson's POV: Michelle's sugary, over-the-top voice cut through the hum of the hall. I didn't even blink. That kind of shallow sweetness never got to me. She stopped in front of me, holding a gold-stamped gift box with a big smile. "Good evening, Samson." Josh and Alan glanced over politely. "Good evening, Michelle." They'd had enough of her spoiled ways, but they weren't about to make a scene with the packs allied.

"Josh, Alan, good to see you," Michelle said, smiling at them before pushing the box toward me. "Samson, this is your birthday gift-a high-level energy wolf crest brooch." 1/2

19:53 Tue, Dec 30 J G Chapter 148 Please Accept It +30 Free Coins She spoke loud enough for nearby guests to hear, eyes sparkling like she was certain I'd be thrilled. I just glanced at it and said flatly, "Thanks." No way was I taking it. Seeing the tension, Josh jumped in. "Michelle, what's that? You're acting so mysterious." "I chose it carefully," Michelle murmured, biting her lip and showing a hint of hurt.

"Samson, will you accept it?" I still didn't respond. My gaze slid past her to the corner of the hall. Amanda sat there, pastry in hand. Her moon-white dress made her look delicate and slender. Her waxy- yellow makeup was still odd, but somehow it made her feel more real than the polished ladies around us. She seemed to sense I was looking. She lifted her head slightly, then quickly looked down, fingers tightening. Normally, Alan might've stepped in to rescue Michelle. But today, he just looked away, letting the awkwardness linger.

"Boss!" Josh suddenly lit up like he'd found a lifeline, calling toward the corner, "Are you here to give Samson a gift too?" Amanda clearly froze. Her pastry nearly slipped off her plate. Caught off guard, she hesitated, then stood and grabbed Silverfang Atelier's gift box from her small bag. She hurried over. She stopped in front of me, gripping the edge of the box so tightly that her knuckles turned white. Her voice had a faint, hard-to-detect tension. "Here, Samson. Happy birthday." I looked down at the box. For some reason, I felt curious. 9/9 19:53 Tue, Dec 30 J G Mark

Chapter 149 Lottery Amanda's POV: Samson glanced at Michelle, then at the gift box in my hand. His tone was calm and flat. "Josh, put these gifts away for me." "Amanda, what did you get Samson? Why not show us?" Alan asked, curiosity in his eyes as he looked at the box. "Looks like something from Silverfang Atelier. You really went all out." Before I could answer, Michelle jumped in. "I got Samson a limited-edition Longines energy watch. There are only three in the world. It tracks Alpha wolf spirit waves and monitors energy in real time." She lifted her chin, clearly trying to show off.

"Wow, Michelle, that's pretty generous," Josh said, sounding impressed and a little envious. Alan just snorted. "I was asking Amanda!" Michelle froze. A sharp, annoyed glint flickered in her eyes. She clearly hadn't expected Alan, the one who always backed her, to cut her off like that. But she couldn't lose it here, so she forced a polite smile. "I just thought the watch would suit Samson, so I got it for him. I didn't think beyond that." "Michelle is so good to Samson," Josh said, trying to smooth things over. Just then, Samson took the gift box I'd brought from Josh's hands.

He looked at me calmly. "What's this?" I blinked, surprised he asked first. "It's a moon-pattern energy tie with a Soulcalm Stone inlaid. It helps steady the wolf spirit a bit. Hope you like it." He didn't say anything and just lifted the lid. Inside, black velvet held a tie woven from stellar silk. The moon pattern shimmered softly under the lights, and the faint pulse of the Soulcalm Stone glowed. Samson's eyes lingered on it for a moment. The corner of his mouth lifted slightly. His voice was even. "Not bad." Hearing those words felt like a weight lifted off my chest.

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A guy like him got expensive gifts all the time. Getting a "not bad" was basically top-tier praise, Michelle's face darkened even more than it had at the mall. She pressed her lips tight, fingers clutching her skirt until her knuckles went white. Her eyes were nearly bursting with frustration. Alice couldn't stop laughing. "Haha, instant karma! Michelle must be losing it right now!" I kept my lips sealed and didn't dare laugh. I stepped back a little, trying not to be in the spotlight. At that moment, a servant hurried over and bowed. "Mr. Ortega, the ball is about to begin. Mr.

Hugh wants 1/2 19:53 Tue, Dec 30 J Chapter 149 Lottery you up front." Samson nodded and handed the gift box to Alan. "Hold this for me." +30 Free Coins Then, he turned and walked toward the center of the hall. His tall, straight figure caught everyone's attention instantly. Guests who had been scattered around slowly moved toward the middle. The room buzzed with excitement. Onstage, the host warmed up the crowd with a mic. "We're so happy to have everyone here tonight! Hope you enjoy yourselves. The ball is about to start. But if we do the usual, it's kinda boring, right?

So we're trying something new tonight." He let the suspense hang, and people leaned in. "Tonight's ball will use a lottery system. Masks are mandatory. Partners are completely random. If you draw matching numbers, you're paired for the night." Amused cheers erupted. Everyone seemed excited. Soon, servants handed out masks and number cards to everyone. I got a silver fox mask. I picked a number at random and opened it-No. 56. I stared at the card, wondering which unlucky guy got me as his dance partner. 2/2 Mark

Chapter 150 Dance With Him Amanda's POV: +30 Free Coins Guests around us paired up and drifted onto the dance floor, leaving me stuck in a corner with card No. 56. Wait-didn't anyone else get my number? If I'd known dancing would be such a hassle, I probably would've made up an excuse to skip. Alice sighed. "Don't freak out. Maybe your partner is coming! What if he's a hottie?" I rolled my eyes. I didn't need a hottie. As long as it wasn't Derrick or one of Michelle's minions, I'd be grateful. Right then, a tall figure weaved through the crowd toward me.

He wore a goofy bear mask that covered his whole face, leaving only a sharp jawline visible. But I recognized that voice immediately. "Miss, may I have this dance?" "Samson? It's you?!" I blurted out, surprise and a little joy slipping into my tone without me noticing. My champagne glass wobbled and almost spilled. Of all people, he was holding card No. 56. He chuckled low, a warm vibration that made the air around us feel cozy. "Guess it's meant to be." He held out his hand. I hesitated, then placed mine in his. His grip was firm but gentle, and he guided me onto the floor, step by step.

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"Samson, heads-up-I can't dance," I admitted quickly at the edge of the floor. "No problem." His voice was calm and steady behind the mask. "Just follow my lead. I've got

you." The waltz began. He moved first-left hand at my waist, right hand holding mine. "Left foot first, back three, then right foot. With me ... one, two, three ... one, two, three." I held my breath, staring at his feet and trying hard to follow his rhythm. I But my feet had other plans-I stepped on his shoe. "Crap! I stepped on you!" My face heated up, and I wished I could disappear. "It's fine.

Just slow down." His voice stayed calm, no hint of annoyance, and he eased the pace a little. "Relax. Let the music guide you." I took a deep breath and forced my shoulders to loosen. A few steps later, I hit his foot again. "Sorry, sorry, I did it again ... " I ducked my head, too embarrassed to look up. "It's okay. You're already improving." His calmness worked like magic, and my nerves finally started to settle. 1/2 19:53 Tue, Dec 30
Chapter 150 Dance With Him +30 Free Coins I stopped staring at his shoes and focused on feeling his lead, letting the music carry me, step by step.

I didn't happen to notice how long it took, but the stomping finally stopped. I lifted my head, surprised, and caught a glimpse of his smile through the bear mask. Our steps fell into sync. He spun me, pulled me back, and guided me forward. My dress flared, moonstone light glinting off his mask. Everything around us faded-just the music and the warmth of his hand. "Nice. You're doing great." His praise felt real. I laughed, a little shy, still moving. "You're a great teacher." If he hadn't been so patient, I would've quit long ago.

"No matter how skilled a teacher is, a good student matters more." His voice carried a soft warmth as he glanced down at me. My chest felt light, and I couldn't stop smiling. It was my first time finishing an entire dance, and it wasn't scary at all. It was actually fun. The song ended, and the room erupted into applause. Blushing, I bowed with Samson, still a little shy. He kept holding my hand as we stepped off the floor, his palm warm against mine. "Nicely done," he said once we cleared the edge. "It was all you," I replied quickly, full of thanks.

"If we get the chance, you should practice more." There was a hint of expectation in his tone. I nodded, about to respond, when a familiar figure suddenly appeared. 2/2 Mark